No. 2305.—Vol. 89. JULY 29, 1905.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

LONDON: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT 18 HENRIETTA STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES INSIDE. SPECIAL ARTICLES AND PHOTOS.

A MODERN JOAN OF ARC: GIRL BURNED AT THE STAKE.

At Dantzig a schoolgirl, named Anna Hoerter, has been burnt alive at the stake while acting the part of Joan of Arc. At a school representation of the heroine, Anna was bound to a stake, at the foot of which were placed some coloured shavings representing fire, it being arranged that a bonfire should be made of the stake and shavings after certain lines had been spoken by the characters and Anna had been released. At the critical moment, however, another girl, who is said to have long nursed a grudge against Anna for having alienated from her the affections of a young blacksmith's apprentice, ran forward and quickly set fire to the mass of shavings. Instantly the flames leaped up towards the girl bound to the stake, who shrieked with terror. The other girls rushed towards her, and, at the risk of their own lives, attempted to extinguish the flames, but only succeeded in getting burnt themselves. Their shrieks brought a number of peasants on the scene, and these deluged the girl with water and quenched the flames. She died that night.

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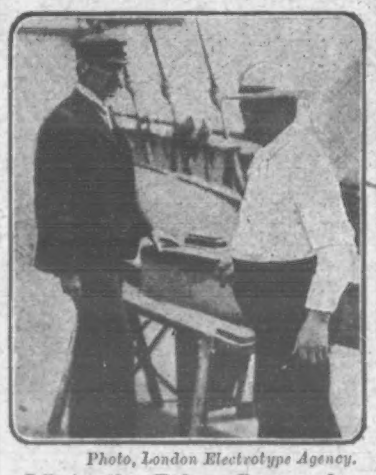
THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

It is not yet eighty years since the first railway train ran between Stockton and Darlington, at less than sixteen miles an hour, and the first steamboat was launched even later.

This week we have had motor-cars running at Brighton at a rate of over ninety miles an hour, whilst Dr. Barton's airship, measuring 180 ft.



Photo, London Electrotype Agency.
Off to the Pole: Commander Peary on board the "Roosevelt" talking to the captain. The figure on the left, in the dark suit, is Commander Peary.

and weighing over six tons, made a trip from the Alexandra Palace on Saturday and safely descended after a a trip of twenty-five miles.

Dr. Barton's airship has created great interest in military circles, the War Office having offered a prize of £4,000 for any airship which will carry out the following conditions: To carry three men, with all necessary fuel and apparatus, and to sail for twenty-four hours in the air; to have a speed of not less than thirteen miles an hour in a calm; to turn in a circle of one hundred yards radius; and to be able to ascend from and descend to any kind of ground in safety without special apparatus on the ground.

In another twenty years we shall probably fly as a matter of course, and then what will happen? Herein lies a big field of possibilities for the novelist.

Think of the spies dropping down from the clouds over the fortress of a rival Power, of smugglers sailing swiftly into a neighbouring country—this problem has already attracted the attention of the French police, who are now devising preventative measures—of villains who swoop upon the heroines in their airships and carry them away, and so on *ad lib.* "Come, fly, my love, with me" will have quite a literal meaning in 1925.

GILDED YOUTH.

"An Admirer of the Aristocracy" is up in arms in defence of the titled youths of the country. In the columns of the *Daily Express* he shows that it is wrong to regard a large number of them as worthless loafers.

In an interesting letter he says: "A glance at the 'Army List' clearly proves that the majority of 'lordlings' are, for a time at any rate, officers in the Army. In the South African war, the young aristocrats of the present day worthily upheld the proudest traditions of their houses. Lately there has been a growing tendency among the gilded youth to interest themselves in political and social reforms. Lord Dalmeny and his brother, the Hon. Neil Primrose, are keen politicians. They frequently speak at political meetings, and Lord Dalmeny will probably contest a seat at the next general election. Viscount Turnour is a still more striking example. Although scarcely twenty-two years old, he is a Conservative member for Horsham, and by no means a silent one either. The Hon. Charles Napier, in spite of his youth, has an important secretaryship in the Education Office.

"Lord Brooke, who is only twenty-three, has already done much useful work. He is a justice of the peace for Warwickshire, has been A.D.C. to Lord Milner, a special correspondent for Reuter in Manchuria, and has just published a most interesting account of his experiences with the Russians. Lord Onslow's son, Viscount Cranley, has, at the age of twenty-eight, made a name for himself in the world of diplomacy. Examples might be multiplied; I could tell how young men, with the bluest blood in England in their veins, go down to Cambridge House in the East End to work in the slums. Enough, however, has been written to show that Lord Londonderry has good reason to admire the gilded youth of England."

Photo, Russell.
The King's Host at Goodwood: The Duke of Richmond.

RUSSIA'S SELF-MADE MAN.

M. Sergei Witte, the Tsar's messenger of peace, who is now on his way to Washington, has risen from a poor railway-clerk to be the most powerful man in the autocratic Empire of Russia.

Sergei Witte gained his early education in the gymnasium at Tiflis, from which he proceeded to the University of Odessa. He only had one predilection as a student. Though he astonished his teachers by his ability in mathematics and physics, he excelled in no other department. Leaving the university, he accepted a humble post as clerk on a railway in the South.

Not being "vuisoki rodni" or "high born," he could not enter the army or navy as an officer, and as his family were not "tchinovniks," or officials, he had no opening in the great Civil Service. Surely no youth was more heavily handicapped, yet he remained in obscurity for an astonishingly brief period.

As a railway clerk he quickly became marked as an expert in all the details of the department, and when he was promoted he did what more important work he had to do better than it had ever been accomplished before. Soon he became manager of the branch, but not long afterwards a more important company claimed his services, and he was made director and chief administrator of the Kieff Railroad.

Then he was formally nominated to the Government by the directors as managing director. But the great bureaucrats did not know him. They superciliously asked, "Who is Witte?" and rejected him without waiting for an answer. Again the directors unanimously nominated their young colleague, and again the minor autocrats said, "Who is Witte?" summarily repudiating the nomination. But a third time the directors presented him, and the astonished Government ratified the choice, concluding that some prodigy unknown to them must have been discovered.

Sergei Witte's great chance came when he was only twenty-seven, says the *Evening Standard*. The Russo-Turkish war broke out, and the whole railway administration was plunged into chaos. Roads were choked by commissariat supplies. The regiments for which those supplies were destined were waiting a thousand miles away for transportation. Generals were being robbed of victory because those regiments did not arrive to reinforce their armies. In the midst of this appalling confusion one man kept his head. Sergei Witte was still a subordinate, but he was the only railway official who understood the situation and possessed initiative.

One who watched his behaviour at that crisis said: "He had things done before his superiors started to think of them. The audacity of his orders took everybody's breath away. He side-tracked dozens of trains which had been ordered through at express speed by great personages, and he rushed soldiers through instead. He countermanded many of the orders given by his official superiors, but they dared not rebuke him, for he straightened things out, and the Tsar heard of his work and personally thanked him."

Then began Witte's magically rapid run up the ladder. After the war he was called to St. Petersburg and appointed to a high place in the railway department of the Civil Service. In a few years he became director of the South-Western railways; in 1888 head of the whole railway department of Russia; then, by rapid promotion, Minister of Means of Communication, chairman of the Tariff Commission, Minister of Finance, and, to crown his career, Imperial Chancellor. To make him Finance Minister the Tsar looked over the heads of bankers and over theoretical financiers, to the practical man of affairs who knew how to create sources of revenue and to spend that revenue economically after it had been collected.

Witte rose thus rapidly to eminence simply because he was never afraid to do big things on his own responsibility. Nothing is valued more in Russia than initiative, just because it is so scarce.

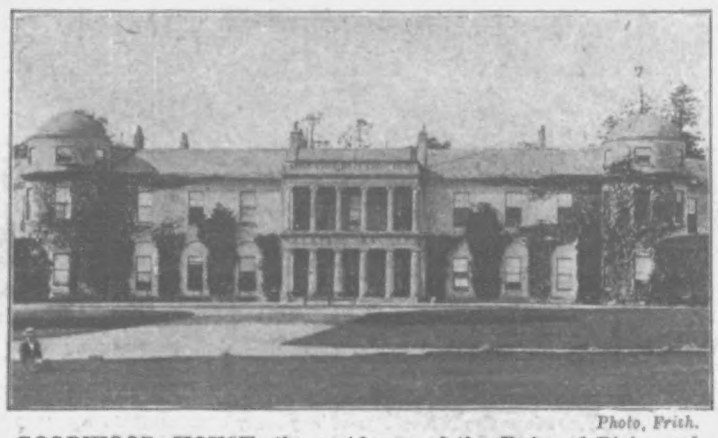
RUSSIA'S FIRST PARLIAMENT: The building in which the Zemstov and Municipal Congress has been taking place.

Photo, Underwood & Underwood.
Miss Nora Maclean, who had to give evidence against her mother in a divorce suit in which her own lover was the co-respondent.

A WET AUTUMN FORETOLD.

Mr. Hugh Clements, the weather expert, says that August will be a wet month. There will be rain at the commencement, from 8th to 15th, and on the 20th, round the 23rd and 29th, as well as isolated showers on other occasions. Rain will fall on fifteen days. September will not be quite so wet as August. It will rain on fourteen days—round the 3rd, on the 12th, 17th, 19th, 26th, 27th, and 30th, with a few showers at other times. The autumn will be wet, and the wheat crop will often be injured by rain.

Photo, Underwood & Underwood.
Kaid Maclean with his favourite dog at Fez.



Photo, Frith.
GOODWOOD HOUSE, the residence of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, where the King is staying for the races this week.

Photo, Sturdee.

FIRE BRIGADE REVIEW AT VICTORIA PARK: The Chief Officer and staff explaining the working of the new "hook ladder" to the Chairman of the L.C.C.

Grace-less Embassies.

Vanity Fair points out that never before have so many Embassies in London lacked hostesses. The Austrian, German, and Portuguese representatives are unmarried, while M. Cambon's wife does not reside in London, nor does the wife of the Russian Ambassador.

Kitchener and the Spy.

Now that the energy and thoroughness of Lord Kitchener are once more so much to the fore in connection with the Indian Army administration the revival of this anecdote of his Khartoum Expedition days seems particularly appropriate and applicable. One evening as the General's forces neared Khartoum, a Dervish spy was discovered in camp, and promptly taken to headquarters for examination. It was a juncture at which information as to the enemy's position and plans was of the highest importance, but neither the richest bribes nor the direst threats could elicit one word from the prisoner; he affected to be both deaf and dumb. Scarcely was his hearing over—if hearing it can be called—when another spy was led in, who proved equally obdurate. They were led away bound, and placed for the night in a well-guarded tent. About half an hour later, when all was settling down to rest in the camp, there was a fresh stir and hubbub, and a third spy was dragged in, who also would reveal nothing, and was finally placed in the tent with the others. Soon the guard outside heard a murmur of voices from within; the dumb spies had found their tongues, but it was impossible to hear their talk distinctly or to understand it. An hour or more passed, then the door of the tent was thrown open, and the third spy appeared and asked to be conducted to headquarters. It was the Sirdar, who, in disguise, had discovered all he needed to know. Lord Kitchener always takes the greatest pains to make himself master of the vernacular of any country to which he is sent. He seizes every opportunity of talking with the poorer folks, until he speaks like a native.

Romantic Marriage of Millionaire and Slum Worker.

One of the most romantic weddings of recent years took place in St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Noroton, Connecticut, last week. The bridegroom was Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, a young millionaire and philanthropist, and his bride was Miss Rose Pastor, a "daughter of the ghetto," formerly of Black Lion Yard, Whitechapel, then a cigar-maker in Cleveland, now a poetess and social reformer and a worker in the slums of New York. Mr. Stokes is the son of a banker, and the descendant of four Colonial Governors of Massachusetts. He graduated at Yale University and has devoted himself to university settlement work among the poor of the East Side. It was while engaged in this way that he met and fell in love with Miss Pastor. The bride, who is twenty-six years of age, has an abundance of flaxen hair and dreamy brown eyes. The wedding took place at noon, and was witnessed by 200 guests, most of whom are fellow settlement workers with the bride and bridegroom in New York. All the near relatives of the bride and bridegroom attended, including the four brothers and sisters of the bride, who had been staying with the Stokes family at their magnificent summer home. Miss Pastor wore a simple muslin gown, costing £10, and orange blossom. Her sole ornament was a pearl necklace, worth £5,000, given to her by the bridegroom. The church was modestly decorated with sweet peas. The service was conducted by the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, the bridegroom's brother, who is secretary of Yale University. Bride and bridegroom sailed on the *Cedric* for Europe for their honeymoon. They will first visit the bride's birthplace in Russia, and on their way back will establish a memorial in Whitechapel, near Petticoat Lane, where the bride worked and had her first schooling. Then they propose to settle down in a flat which the bridegroom has taken in the New York slums, and continue their work among the poor.

Photo, Lees, Lincoln.

A Tennyson Memorial: Unveiled by Countess Brownlow. This is Lincoln's first statue.

Cheap Cottages.

At last the burning problem of rural housing, which has agitated enlightened minds for many years past, seems near its solution. If anything could clear the way for the springing up in all our depopulated rural districts of plenty of new, cheap, and thoroughly adequate dwellings, it is the exhibition of cheap cottages which the Duke of Devonshire opened on Tuesday on the Garden City estate at Letchworth. The exhibition cottages at Letchworth are designed to prove that thoroughly sanitary, convenient, and attractive dwellings, with good gardens, can be built for £150, an outlay which justifies a rent within the labourer's means (says the *Daily Express*). Sixty cottages stand now, but there will probably be a hundred in a month's time. The exhibition will remain open until the end of September. Most of the cottages are entered for the £100 prize for the best £150 cottage. Some, which cost a little more, are entered for the £100 prize for the best cottage costing £35 a room. One hundred-pound prizes are also offered for the best wooden cottage and the best blocks of two and three cottages. The cottages will remain permanently as part of the Garden City, and at present they make a very picturesque miniature town. All styles of architecture and all kinds of building material may be seen. There are cottages on the bungalow pattern, but the majority of the dwellings are two-storeyed. All have three roomy sleeping apartments, one or two large living rooms, a scullery, adequate offices, and, of course, ample garden plots. Looking at the interior fittings of these £150 cottages, the wonderful devices which have been employed to give spacious and well-lighted rooms, the ample cupboards and dressers, the tiled kitchens and sculleries, the stoutly-built shells of the dwellings, the generally picturesque aspect of their red-tiled roofs, white or buff walls, green or white window-frames, quaint gables, and pretty porticoes, one must agree with Mr. Rider Haggard that they are marvels of cheapness. Some idea of the material the cottages are built of may be gathered from the list of exhibiting firms, which includes the fireproof partition and Spandrel Wall Company, the Cement Products, the British Uralite, Concrete Machinery, New Expanded Metal, Asbestos Brick, British Metallic Roofing, Manchester Portable Building, and the Wire Wove Roofing Companies.

The Bourneville Village Trust, the Liverpool Corporation, the Society of Artists, and Lord Salisbury are also among the exhibitors.

Photo, Park.

CALLING ON MR. BALFOUR: Some of the forty wives of unemployed workmen, who marched to the House of Commons and won from Mr. Balfour definite assurances that the Unemployed Bill will be carried through.

Thief in Uniform.

Frederick Tasney, a smartly-dressed young fellow, who was remanded at Westminster on a charge of stealing jewellery from the officers' quarters of the Irish Guards at Chelsea barracks, is alleged to have committed audacious robberies at several barracks. Attired in the undress uniform of an artillery officer, it is said he has obtained access to officers' quarters unchallenged, gravely acknowledging, as he passed the gates, the salutes of the sentries.

Elephants' Bugle Call.

Mr. W. T. Homaday, director of the New York National Park, gives a singular instance of animal speech. An attack had been made on a herd of elephants, and part of the herd had gone north and part south. The hunters' camp lay between the two sections. "About bedtime," says Mr. Homady, "the elephants began signalling to each other by trumpeting, and what they sounded was 'The Assembly.' They called and answered repeatedly, and finally it became clear to my native followers that the two herds were advancing to unite, and were likely to meet in our vicinity. That particular trumpet-call was different from any other that I ever have heard. It was a regular 'Hello' signal call, entirely different from the 'Talloo o' blast which once came from a feeding herd and guided me to it."

From a snapshot.

A huge bell taken by Admiral Seymour from the Taku Forts, now erected in Victoria Park, Portsmouth. A translation of the inscription on the bell reads, "Come brilliant weather and gentle rain, The Empire happy, at peace again."

A Novel Defence.

A firm of Redhill seedsmen were fined at Reigate recently for selling a mixture known as "XX All Liquid Insecticide" in a bottle not labelled "Poison." The defence was that tobacconists who sold a pound of navy cut tobacco not labelled "Poison" were liable under the Pharmacy Act, as when boiled it produced sufficient nicotine to kill a man.

Cow as Horse-Mutilator.

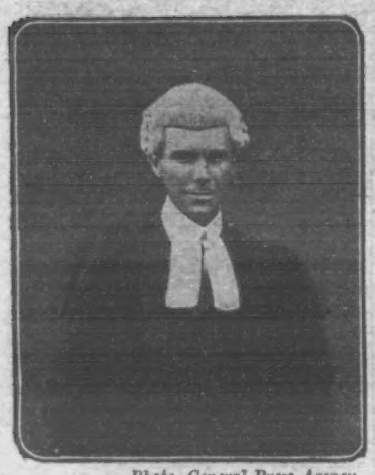
The horse-maiming mystery at Greenfield, near Manchester, has been solved in a very remarkable manner. A milch cow has been detected in the act of goring a horse, in whose side she inflicted a wound two inches long. The cow is the property of the farmer who had previously had a valuable horse mutilated.

Class Distinctions in Church Life.

The Bishop of Southwell has written to the secretary of the Derby Licensed Victuallers' Association relative to the exclusion of the nine-year-old daughter of one of their members from a Bible class held at St. Peter's Vicarage, Derby. A copy of the correspondence has been forwarded to the Bishop, showing that the parents were required to withdraw the child because she came from a public-house, although she attended five months before this was discovered. The Bishop in his letter says: "It is hard to believe that the correspondence reveals a complete statement of the facts. That such a rule was made in the past there is no doubt, and many of us would deem such a rule most uncharitable. To me there were signs that the rule was falling into abeyance, but that an over zealous teacher interfered, and interfered most unwisely." The child's parents have received scores of letters from all parts of the country, the writers including many clergymen and other Church workers, protesting against these class distinctions in religious life. Sir Thomas Roe, M.P., for many years churchwarden at this particular church, writes: "I hope the vicar will frankly and unreservedly withdraw the slight he has put upon a respectable family."

Photo, Lafayette.

THE MANŒUVRES IN IRELAND: Landing the guns.



Photo, General Press Agency.

The Dunmow Flitch Trials: Mr. T. Gibbons, counsel for the Flitch.

Dunmow's Flitch.

The old custom of awarding the flitch of bacon was observed at Dunmow in the presence of a large number of spectators. Two married couples claimed a flitch—the Rev. Owen Francis Samuel Partridge Jenkins, vicar of St. John's, Mold, Flintshire, and his wife, and Mr. Frederick John Noakes, an engineer, of Ludlow, Salop, and his wife. The clerical claimants were well advanced in years, and counsel drew a picturesque sketch of their happy married life of thirty years, and of the vicar's beneficent work in the seven parishes of which he had been incumbent. Mr. Jenkins, under cross-examination, said that if he had to do it all over again he would ask the lady who was now Mrs. Jenkins to be Mrs. Jenkins again. In other words, following the example of Mr. Choate, if he were not himself he would like to be Mrs. Jenkins' second husband. He said, among other things—and this under severe cross-examination—that no man had ever been able to put a curb on a woman's tongue. The reverend gentleman is a lecturer, and he has often made public speeches. He admitted that Mrs. Jenkins had never been obliged to listen to his speeches, but he would not commit himself when asked if he had ever been subjected to a similar ordeal on the part of his wife. The spectacle of a clergyman subjected to an ordeal of this nature was not particularly elevating. The jury of blushing maidens and bachelors awarded them the flitch. The second pair—a youthful couple—were subjected to a searching inquiry, but without leaving the box the jury again found for the claimants. Both couples were then chaired in procession round the racecourse, and, after taking the ancient oath, kneeling on pointed stones, they were handed the flitches.

Poor but Loyal.

A worker among the poor of Hulme, Manchester, wrote to Lord Knollys calling attention to the way in which many of the back streets of that city were decorated on the occasion of the King and Queen's visit, and especially to the assistance given by the children in the work. He suggested that this was a testimony to the deep spirit of loyalty in the hearts of the very poor. The following reply has been received: "I have had the honour of submitting your letter to the King and Queen, and I am commanded to thank you for having written to me on the subject to which you refer. Their Majesties are much touched with what you state in regard to the feeling of loyalty which prevails in Manchester among the very poor, and also to hear how hard they worked at decorating the streets. The incident which you relate as to the little girl scholars is particularly interesting to their Majesties.—Yours very truly, KNOLLYS."

Platelayer Inherits £30,000 a Year.

An Irish family of the name of O'Keefe are reported to have proved their claim to a fortune of £2,300,000, writes the Chicago correspondent of the *Express*. The story of how the fortune was made is a most romantic one. In 1804 Dennis O'Keefe, of Kilkee, Co. Clare, left his Irish home and shipped as a sailor. He wandered over the world, went through many thrilling adventures, and finally decided to settle in Texas. Nobody knows what business he pursued there, but before his death he acquired thousands of acres of land, which he must have bought for a mere song. Many years after Dennis O'Keefe's death oil was discovered on his property in Texas, and from almost worthless land it sprang into property of priceless value. Search was made far and wide for O'Keefe's relatives, but it was not until a few months ago that a lawyer named Hildreth discovered a woman who is said to be one of the three heirs to the estate. She was Mrs. Maria O'Keefe Fennell, of Kilkee, Ireland, who had almost forgotten Dennis O'Keefe's existence. Mrs. Fennell immediately notified her two brothers, who are joint heirs to the fortune. One is Patrick McGuire O'Keefe, who also lives in Ireland, and the other Thomas O'Keefe, who was formerly a foreman platelayer on the Long Island Railway, and is now living on a six-acre farm near Woodlawn, Long Island. As soon as he was notified of his good fortune, Thomas O'Keefe had the matter investigated by lawyers, who declared that the unexpected windfall was genuine. O'Keefe is a married man with seven children, and both he and his wife were amazed when the letter came telling them they were millionaires. His income, which was only a modest £85 a year, will now be increased to no less than £30,000.

Photo, Park.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH TRIAL: Chairing the winning couples.

Photo, General Press Agency.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH TRIALS: Mr. Alfred Floyd, solicitor, who acted as judge.

Count and Cook.

The Paris correspondent of the *Gentlewoman* says that "an amusing story is going the round of the clubs and afternoon tea parties in reference to a lottery ticket. The old Count S., known for his constant money difficulties, was at a loss how to remunerate his cook for the pleasure he had from a wonderful salmis, and bethought him of a lottery ticket he had had for some years, and presented her with it. Now it chanced that this same ticket, a few weeks later, drew a prize of £20,000 (500,000 francs), and there was nothing else for the count to do but to marry the cook to get possession of it again. The ceremony was celebrated at the Mairie, and as soon as the interesting couple were husband and wife the count asked his bride to fetch him the ticket. Blushingly the countess acknowledged having given it to her cousin, the coachman, as compensation for their broken engagement."

Enthusiastic Cricketers.

No difficulties will prevent Englishmen indulging in their national game. When the postal clerks of Bromley played a cricket match with the local postman recently wickets were pitched at 3.30 in the morning and drawn at 6, so that there might be no interference with the hours of duty.

Cossacks' Grim Work.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* learns from Odessa of a massacre that has just occurred at Kuhe, in the Russian province of Baku. A fight suddenly began in the town theatre between Armenians and Tartars; revolver shots were exchanged, and a number of persons were killed. The theatre then caught fire, and the fighting continued outside. The Tartars plundered and demolished a number of houses belonging to Armenians. Troops came to the rescue of the latter too late, but finally drove back the Tartars with volley-firing. Three hundred persons were killed in the fighting, and many women and children were injured, while half the town lies in ashes.

Photo, Advance.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH TRIAL: The jury of young men and maidens.

A Belgium Anniversary.

(From a Correspondent.)

Belgium, that happy holiday-ground of the Continental traveller, has an additional attraction within its gates this season in the International Exhibition now being held at Liége. This exposition of the industries and arts of the Belgians coincides with the seventy fifth anniversary of the nation's independence, an occasion marked by universal rejoicings throughout the country. The *fêtes* associated with this "birthday" are held during July and August in Brussels and at all the important towns, so that the holiday-maker has frequently the good fortune to see something in the way of processions and outdoor festivals strange to his eye. Belgium has been long known as a cheap place wherein to travel, and one rich in historic and artistic interest. The old-world city of Bruges, the gay Continental life of Brussels, the art treasures of Antwerp, and the glorious scenery of the Ardennes yearly draws thousands of holiday-makers from England. As a State, Belgium is small, and its coast-line and the main features of the interior can be seen during a fortnight's holiday in the country. Liége, which is within two hours' railway journey from Brussels, and makes a nice break for those travelling through to the Ardennes, is ideally situated for the holding of its present great show. The town of Liége is well-known as the Birmingham of Belgium, and, like its prototype, Liége has been well laid out by the municipal authorities. There is a happy, prosperous look about this interesting industrial centre. The old part of the town has its historic churches and other objects of note, but the modern is given over to wide boulevards, handsome residences, beautiful gardens and squares, and several great educational institutions. The exhibition grounds are on the banks of the river Meuse, which is put to much use for the occasion. The buildings are handsome in design, but more effect could have been obtained in the laying out of the gardens. As an attraction for the holiday-maker, the authorities seem to have emphasised the industrial side of the exhibition with a view to showing the great resources of the country. "Trade" is the keynote of the show, which, however, contains many other features of interest and amusement. A wonderful collection of pictures has been gathered together, many beautiful examples of old masters having been obtained. Special arrangements for reaching Liége have been made by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, in conjunction with the Belgian State Railways. Cheap fares, with permission to break the journey at Ostend, Bruges, Brussels, may be obtained.

Outrages by Tribesmen.

Reuter's correspondent at Peshawar says that the telegraph wire was cut at Shankergarh last month, it is supposed by young bloods of the Pipal Mohmand as a protest against their maliks visiting Peshawar to receive their allowances. Threats have been made of further outrages in British territory if the maliks persist in going to Peshawar. A similar situation exists among the Halimzai Mohmand of Kamali, where some of the chiefs on returning from Peshawar, where they had collected their allowances, found that the mullas had burned their houses. The Halimzai maliks have in consequence agreed to oppose with the utmost vigour any fresh attempts of the mullas to prevent their communicating with the British officers or to damage their property in their absence. Two men, named Khan Shirim and Nur Mohamed, have been arrested by the Ameer's people at Gandamak, on suspicion of being in the service of a British Survey party. Both men denied this, though they admitted having served with a British survey party previously. They are now at Cabul under arrest.

This Way to the Tigers.

Punch, who is evidently on his holidays, has brought to notice an instance of how sadly we take our pleasures. The following appears at "The Tower," Blackpool:—

JUST ARRIVED—THREE FEROCIOUS MALE
MAN-EATING TIGERS.
UNTAMEABLE! INSATIABLE!
Animals fed each day at 3.30.

Women Volunteers?

There is much gentle irony in the letter of a correspondent in the *Morning Post*. She proposes that women should learn rifle shooting, and submit themselves to military training, and so by example rekindle the sense of citizenship in our male population. But if the army of women stalwarts failed to awaken our young men to their duty, then, she says, it would be all the more needful for women to prepare themselves to defend their homes, their children—and their men.

Photo, General Press Agency.

The Dunmow Flitch Trials: Mr. J. V. Mackenzie, counsel for the claimants.

Russia's veteran General dying. General Dragomiroff, who has been called the "Bobs" of Russia.

Tourist Trams.

A new method of amusing the sight-seer has been very successfully introduced at Brighton. It takes the form of tourist trips by tramcars, which travel all over the lines to various points of interest. The whole circular route covers about nine miles, and anyone who has not had his fill of observation by the close must have an insatiable appetite indeed. Though fresh to this country, the "seeing" tram, as it has been christened in the land of its birth, has enjoyed a widespread popularity in the United States for some considerable time. In New York itself, where the car lines do not lend themselves to the project, a motor omnibus is used instead. Vast and ponderous, crammed with people, these structures move about the city from one point of interest to another, and as the car stops before each a guide expatiates through a megaphone upon its history and attractions. Brighton's lead is sure to be followed, and we may take it that in most of our principal towns a new pleasure and a new terror will shortly be added to existence.

The Vanishing Curate.

A serious problem is beginning to face the Church of England, in the form of an annually increasing shortage of curates. Last year's total of ordinations was the smallest on record. But this year's figures threaten to be even lower. The facts are more regrettable than surprising. Clergymen of the Church of England are expected to belong to a class of society in which a refined standard of living prevails. The university education by which they qualify for ordination involves a considerable expenditure of money. Yet these men are to devote the whole of their lives to a profession in which the rate of pay is on the average inferior to that obtained by a skilled artisan. It speaks volumes for the power of religion and for the devotion and self-sacrifice of its adherents that the candidates for such positions should be as numerous as they are.

Deceiving the Deer.

A correspondent of the *Field* gives some interesting particulars of the method of calling deer (sambur) employed by the natives of the Federated Malay State. "Being very keen on testing the method," he writes, "I arranged with the headman of the village where I was stationed to fix a morning when he could get the man who owned the 'call,' which is made chiefly out of cocoanut leaf, and similar in shape to the mouthpiece of a reed instrument. We proceeded to a 'campong' (small plantation) up river, and started to look for fresh tracks. Deer in this part of the world are generally plentiful where Indian corn is planted, and as most Malay 'campongs' grow this it was not long before we came across tracks, which appeared about three or four hours old. I may mention that at the back of most Malay river 'holdings' there is generally a big forest, where the deer lie up during the heat of the day, so we went very cautiously and took up our position on the edge of the big jungle; the jungle being fairly thick, one cannot see more than fifteen or twenty yards at the very most. Myself and the Penghulu picked out two large trees, and stood with our backs to them, one facing one way and the other the opposite way, as it is impossible to say where they might come from. As soon as we got out positions the Malay with the 'call' started to 'bark' just as deer do when calling to each other. He had not been very long at this when I heard the jungle squirrels begin to chatter, which means that some game is moving; presently I heard a sound similar to an animal pawing the ground, then a rush, and out came a very fine sambur, who stood looking at me. I was so surprised at seeing him so close that for a second I almost forgot to shoot, but was not long before I got a good shot in and bowled him over. The imitation call is perfect, and it would be impossible to tell the difference at a distance. I was fooled badly over it once myself when I happened to hear what I thought was a deer calling, and spent a considerable time trying to stalk the supposed deer, when, after crawling on hands and knees, I came face to face with a Malay, who seemed as much disgusted as myself, and it was a wonder neither of us was shot."

A Cardiff Plunger.

A Cardiff man named George Charles Launcelot Shopland has been offering the world an excellent example of how money should not be frittered away. He is twenty-two years old, and after a college education he was articled to an auctioneer. "I had more money than sense," he comments now, for he backed horses heavily, though on one occasion he landed £550. That went in three weeks. Then he turned to money-lenders, and he came into £3,800 on attaining his majority. At the rate of £500 a month this sum vanished, horses and wine being the chief channels. In London he spent £300 in a fortnight, and there were such expensive items as a £400 horse and trap, and a £150 American buggy. Then he came to the end of his tether with a jerk, and drove an oilcart for £1 a week. That, he says, was a novelty. He is now quite penniless—another novelty for him, but one entirely devoid of charm.

Photo, Advance.

GUARDSMAN'S GIFT TO THE QUEEN: Sergeant Durham, of the Irish Guards, who worked a coverlet in Millbank Hospital which he presented to the Queen.

Graveside Proposals.

In Witton Cemetery, Birmingham, a man of sedate appearance has been making proposals of marriage at the graves of recently departed husbands. He confronted a woman whilst she was attending to her late husband's grave one day last week, and, after offering his sympathy, proceeded to give a concise history of his life, winding up with the statement that he was a widower, and offering himself as her second husband. The proposal was graciously but firmly rejected (says the *Daily News*). But the wooer was not daunted, for he was seen during the afternoon to approach three other widows similarly occupied. At last, however, he left the cemetery disappointed.

How They Motor in America.

On one of the old turnpikes yet remaining in the south a big touring car had twice rushed through the big touring gate without paying toll. The third time they made the attempt the negro toll-man shut his gate and brought them to a stand. With indignation the half-dozen occupants of the car declared they were entitled to ride free. "Look at your own board," said the spokesman. "It says: 'Every carriage, cart, or waggon drawn by one beast, two cents; every additional beast, two cents.' We're not drawn by any beast at all." "No, but here's where ye come in, sah," replied the darkey, pointing to another clause as follows: "'Every half-dozen hogs, four cents.' An' three times four is twelve," he added. The twelve cents were paid.

Swimming Niagara.

Defying death and injury, William Glover, of Baltimore, aged thirty-five, and Carlisle Graham, aged fifty-eight have just swum a four-mile race across Niagara Rapids. After a desperate and exciting journey, amid the raging and tormented waters, the younger man got across safely, but Graham was almost beaten to death between two giant waves during the last stretch of rough water. Then he was compelled to battle with a huge eddy near the finish, so that when he reached land a few minutes after Glover he was racked almost with the last stages of physical exhaustion. At the crack of a pistol both men plunged into the water, and for the next half hour they were at the mercy of the fearful rapids, and sometimes were lost to sight in the foam or eddies for several minutes, says the *Daily Telegraph*. The speed of the current carried the men down so quickly for the first three miles that people in the electric tramcars on the river's bank were unable to keep pace with them. For several miles people lined the banks on the American and Canadian shores. At one time Graham was swept down the rapids a full mile ahead of his companion. Then, after a tremendous struggle, Glover dashed alongside Graham, and for a few minutes they fought in close company in the effort to reach the Canadian bank first. Both swam with a strong overhand, British professional stroke, but chance was almost as important as strength in the actual result. Both men were extremely fortunate in escaping actual contact with the rocks, which are strewn thickly in the rapids, and threaten certain death to anyone coming in contact with them. Great cheering rewarded the arrival of Glover, whose first thoughts were for the safety of his rival. The latter was brought to the shore in a canoe. Glover gave out a challenge to swim any man in the world in a long-distance race, but said it would take a big purse to tempt him to try Niagara Rapids again.

Deptford's new Town Hall, in the New Cross Road. It bears statues of representative naval men of four centuries—Drake, Blake, Nelson, and Fisher.

"Tiny," Turf Favourite

The death has occurred at Penrith of James Johnston, a well-known jockey, known as "Tiny," who had travelled all over the world. He started as a boy with Mr. Robert Armstrong, at the Eamont Stables, Penrith, and afterwards transferred his services to Mr. Coates, Sedgefield, trainer for Lord Zetland. Then he went to Mr. John Porter, Kingsclere, who had a great opinion of deceased's abilities as a jockey. He fulfilled engagements on the turf for His Majesty King Edward VII., then the Prince of Wales, Lord Alington, the Duke of Portland, and the late Duke of Westminster. He was also in the employ of a French nobleman, and rode in France, Germany, Austria, and Russia.

Girl Somnambulist's Fate.

A story of a somnambulist, rivalling those told in fiction, comes from Belfast. It is stated that a seventeen-year-old girl, named Elizabeth Greer, rose in the middle of the night, and, still asleep, put on her skirt and blouse, and walked out of the house. The next morning her body was found jammed between two piles in the river. It was quite possible, according to the medical evidence, for the girl to have walked to the river up to her neck, and yet not have wakened. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

LLAMA PRIESTS LEAVING THE LLAMA TEMPLE, PEKING, AFTER SERVICE. Sent by a "P.I.P." Reader in China.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

AN OLD STYLE AND THE NEW: Types of Scots Guards at the Government House Fete at Aldershot last week.

Photo, Bowden.

Chairing the winner of the King's Prize at Bisley: Armourer-Sergt. Comber, of the 2nd V.B. East Surrey Regiment.

Convicts' Paradise.

The investigation of the State prison at Jackson, Lake Michigan, has disclosed that the warden, believing that "kindness reforms," was accustomed to release for days at a time groups of thieves, murderers, and other convicts. They visited circuses and roamed about the streets at will. Within the walls of the prison a sort of republic was established, a notorious murderer being the ruling power. The convicts gave theatrical entertainments and garden parties. The latter were so noisy that the neighbours protested. A convict testified before the investigating committee that there were no attempts made to escape, because the prison was "the jolliest home he had ever known." Several of the convicts remained in prison after the expiration of their sentences.

Submarine Dangers.

Captain R. H. Bacon, Naval Assistant to the First Lord of the Admiralty, in an address at a meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects, said that the whole matter of submarine navigation and of the capabilities of the boats was so little understood that widespread misconceptions exist. The details of the submarine boats which we use, and the tactical results they obtained, he added, were very properly kept confidential by the Admiralty. Every boat was designed to fight, and they should therefore be perfect from the tactical and fighting point of view. Broadly speaking, there were two classes of accidents that could happen to submarines—firstly, the admission of water into the interior; and, secondly, an explosion. The inrush of water was by far the most probable cause of such an accident. Of the four serious accidents to submarines whereby boats had foundered in the last few years—the Russian *Delfin*, the French *Farfadet*, the British A1 and A8—all had been due to water entering the hatch. As to explosions, there were three causes—an explosive mixture of petról and air, through a leakage of liquid petrol into the boat; a mixture of hydrogen given off from the batteries during charge or in discharge if in case of accident the battery was flooded with water; and the explosion of a compressed air reservoir.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

Hildegard Gebauer, a pretty milliner, committed suicide on her birthday by poisoning herself at her lover's grave, writes the *Express* Hamburg correspondent. The latter, an engineer named Alfred Schneider, was to have married her on the 12th inst. Three days previous to this he contracted blood-poisoning, and died from its effects on the 17th. The girl Hildegard was overwhelmed with grief at his untimely death and refused to take food, locking herself in her bedroom. Afterwards she was found lying dead at her lover's newly-made grave, with a bottle containing a small quantity of poison at her side. In her reticule was found a sheet of paper containing well-written verses, to the effect that as this world had now become a desert to her, she had determined, as Orpheus sought out his Eurydice, to wander until her soul met the soul of her lover.

Eagle Hunting in the Alps.

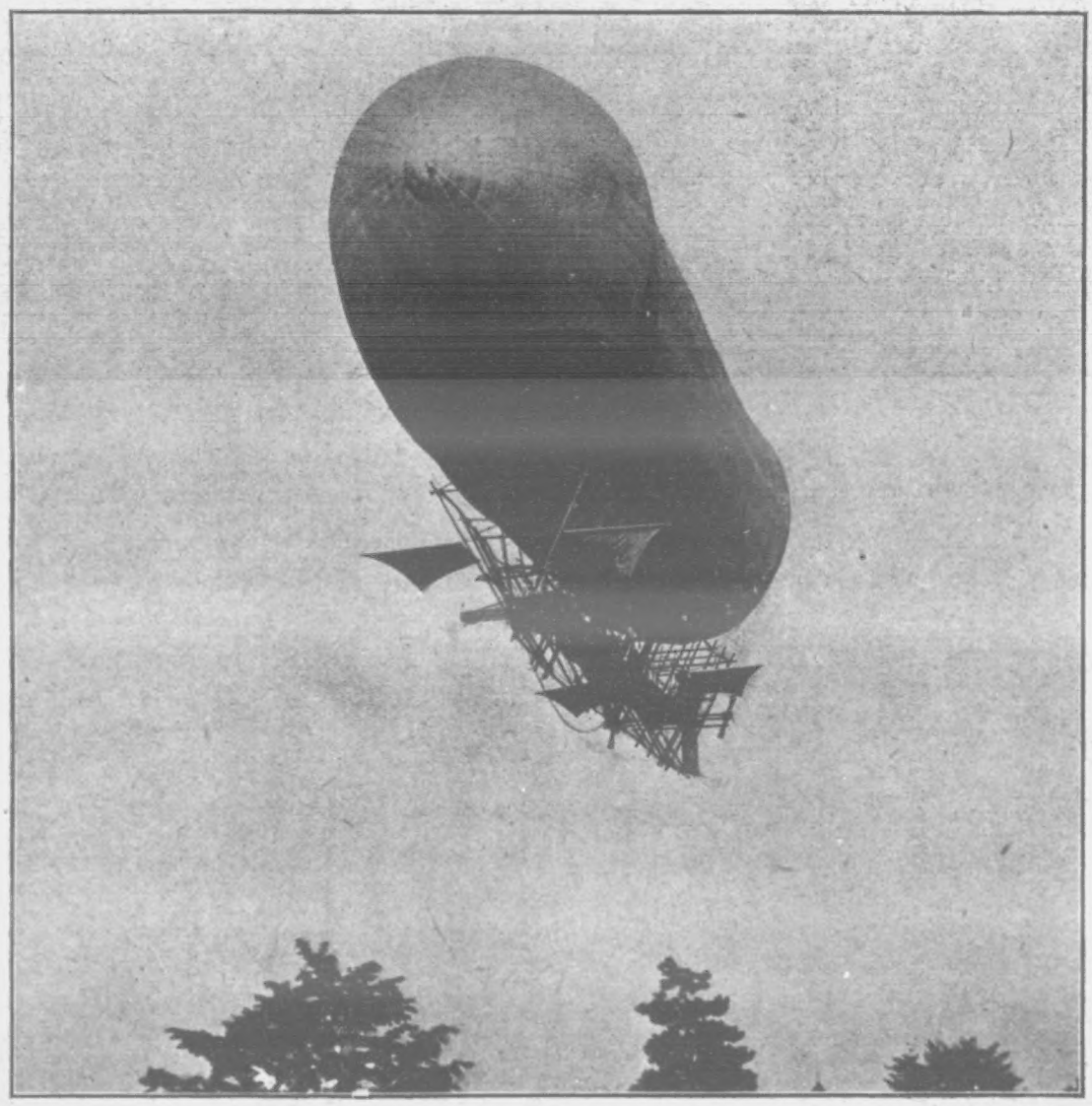
Eagle hunting in the Alps is a perilous and exciting sport which is just now in season, and which is beginning to attract the attention of English as well as Swiss sportsmen, telegraphs the *Express* Geneva correspondent. During the past few days scores of plucky climbers have been trying to scale the almost inaccessible rocks on which the nests of the eagles are built, in the hope of capturing eaglet. In the Bernese Oberland, and in the Grisons, their efforts have led to some savage encounters with the parent eagles, and to some wonderful escapes. In the Engadine an English sportsman has captured a fine young in the Val Chamuera. The nest was on the top of an almost unclimbable rock, protected from above by an overhanging cliff. After some perilous climbing, the spot was at length reached from below, and after a severe tussle the young bird was captured, securely bound, and safely lowered. In the nest were the remains of a 50lbs. chamois, and three marmots, besides a quantity of bones, feathers, and fur. This is the twelfth eagle which this climber has already captured, and he describes the sport as one of the most exciting that he knows. At Entlebuch a mountaineer scaled a rocky peak, and had succeeded in securing two eaglets when the parent birds attacked him with such violence that he fell from the rock and was badly injured. One of the old birds was, however, shot by a spectator. It measured over seven feet across the wings. Near Oberbergli two peasants secured a fine eaglet, while the parent birds were absent from the eyrie, by descending on a swinging rope 1,000ft. over the face of an overhanging precipice. In the nest were part of a lamb, a small pig, several large fowls, and an enormous store of bones of birds and animals.

General Macdonald's Grave.

The grave of Sir Hector Macdonald, in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, which had remained unmarked for two years, has at last been rescued from oblivion. An obelisk supported by cannon balls at each corner has been erected as a monument by public subscription. In front of the obelisk stands a pedestal supporting a bronze bust of the general in the uniform of an aide-de-camp to the King. On the pedestal itself is carved a list, which Lord Roberts had helped to prepare, of the thirteen principal engagements fought by General Macdonald.

Photo, Advance.

ODD MOMENTS: A snapshot of soldiers whiling away a few odd moments at Bisley with a game of "House."



Photo, Park.

THE BARTON AIRSHIP, which successfully flew twenty-five miles from the Alexandra Palace last Saturday, and even succeeded in turning against a powerful wind.

Photo, Charles Knight.

A QUEER ATTITUDE: Colonel Gibbs firing.

Gilbertian Volunteer Corps.

The members of the Motor Volunteer Corps, who provide their own cars, have objected to joining as privates, and as a result it is proposed that in future the corps shall consist of nothing but officers. At present there are, in addition to the lieut.-colonel commanding, no fewer than six majors, nineteen captains, nineteen lieutenants, and an adjutant.

The Value of Laughter.

If more women realised the saving grace of laughter, there would be fewer tragedies and heart breaks in this world. If you, dear madam, were able to make your lover laugh, you might consider yourself clever indeed. But if you can keep your husband laughing you should be enrolled among the seven wonders of the world. You see, a man's life is usually full of duties and cares that you, possibly, cannot realise. If you could, perhaps, you might try to chase the heaviness from the spirit of moodiness from the mien of your best-beloved in place of sitting silent and grieved at his want of cheerfulness. Sometimes you feel that so much merriment may be beneath your dignity. Don't believe it; men often long for the joyous spirit that so charmed them in sweethearting days. It seems a little thing to provoke laughter, does it not? Somehow you think it hardly within the lines you have drawn for the conduct of a wife. But it is a saving grace, you may depend; a man rarely reaches a period of life when there is no more of the boy left in his nature; the mischievousness is still there—or, rather, the spirit of it—and you need but give the opportunity to bring it forth, with great benefit to the family generally.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Opera Season.

The grand opera season of 1905 is over at last. It has been remarkable for the strong support which Royalty has accorded it. Both the King and Queen have attended very frequently, their Majesties being devoted to good music. Besides, it has always been Edward the Seventh's desire that grand opera in London should vie with that in other European capitals, and there can be no doubt that during this season London has taken the first place. A foreign *attaché* who is familiar with all the great capitals on the Continent averred recently that nowhere in the world can the beautiful women, magnificent jewels, exquisite toilettes, and wonderful music which are in evidence at Covent Garden be excelled.

Sketch Losses.

George M. Marriott, a sketch artist, whose examination in bankruptcy was completed in London last week, and who only had £1 3s. 4d. with which to defray liabilities of £436, attributed his difficulties to the "sketch war" and to losses on touring companies.

A New Play.

"Lucky Miss Deene," the new play by Mr. Sidney Bowkett, will be produced by Mr. Frank Curzon at the Criterion about the 5th of August. Miss Ethel Irving, who plays the name part of Miss Acaci Deene, will have among her supporters Mr. Marsh Allen, Miss Kate Bishop, Mr. Holman Clarke, Mr. Arthur Kightley, and Mr. George Elton. "Lucky Miss Deene" is a farcical comedy of the lightest description, and is a return in style to the entertainments that once made the theatre famous under the management of Sir Charles Wyndham.

Mme. Bernhardt and the Tiger.

A tussle with a tiger was an incident in Mme. Bernhardt's visit to Liverpool. On Saturday afternoon she paid a visit to Mr. Cross's wild beast emporium. During her round she came to a couple of tigers which are being trained in company with several bears, hyænas, and leopards. She put out her hand to caress one of the tigers when it suddenly thrust out its paw and tore the magnificent feather stole she was wearing from her neck. Nine women out of ten would have screamed, but not so the Divine Sarah. She made a grab at the stole, and held on to one end of it. A tussle for its possession followed and the tiger was beaten, the actress succeeding in retaining all but a small portion of it. She laughed heartily at the incident, and later bought three chameleons and a fine tiger cat.

New Archery Record.

What is believed to be a new record in archery has just been established by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey on the golf links at Le Touquet. He sent an arrow 367 yards. The weapon used was a Turkish bow, said to be two hundred years old. The best previous record is believed to be that of Mr. Travers, who shot an arrow 340 yards in 1748.

Photo, Baker and Dixon.

The motor-boat which won the recent Cross-Channel race.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Quite the features of last week's cricket were the defeat of Surrey by Yorkshire, and the lucky draw that Lancashire made with Middlesex at Lord's. The latter result stands out as one of the most remarkable pieces of good fortune in the annals of county cricket. Middlesex are well-known autumn players, but that has generally been ascribed to the presence of J. and R. N. Douglas and C. M. Wells.

Photo, Foster.

W. Armstrong, who is second in the Australian batting averages, and who recently made 303 not out—a record score for the Australians in England.

On the present occasion there is no such excuse to offer.

But other 'Varsity men have come along, and at the present moment Middlesex are so rich in amateur talent that one is inclined to wonder whether the old ones are better than the new. James Douglas has made one appearance for his county this season and scored a century, but his brother and Cyril Wells have yet to be tested. One thing at least is certain—that in C. C. Page, N. W. Payne, W. S. Bird, and others who played in this season's 'Varsity match, Middlesex have a reserve of strength that wants a lot of beating.

As already said, Lancashire had decided luck, but they had largely to thank their opponents for their escape. On Saturday afternoon, Middlesex had won the match, to all intents and purposes—had got the game well in hand—but, with twenty minutes to go, George Beldam, one of the best bats and safest of fielders, let a simple chance filter through his hands, and lost his side the match. I happen to know that Beldam was very dejected at his making a mistake which might have happened to anybody, but that his regret was more for his side than for his personal clumsiness.

The meeting between Surrey and Yorkshire may be safely described as that I wish to suggest that they did not put their best foot foremost in both of the matches they played north of the Tweed, but the talent they met was not sufficiently taxing to make them work too hard. Both of the matches were drawn.

Kent scored a remarkable victory over Notts at Trent Bridge, and the win was as emphatic as it was deserved. The first trial of strength on each side was remarkably even, Notts scoring 303, and Kent three more. At their second attempt, the Midlanders put together the respectable total of 260, but it was not enough, for Kent with 258 for six, had four wickets to spare at the close.

Worcestershire and Hampshire played a close game at Bournemouth. Captain Greig made 187 in the first innings of the home county, but was then hurt and took no further part in the game. Centuries were made for Worcestershire by Cuffe and Arnold. The remarkable feature about the victory was that for close upon two hours and a half Worcestershire had been scoring against the clock.

The match between Leicestershire and Warwickshire at Leicester was Hirst's match. The sturdy Yorkshireman compiled the big score of 232 in the only innings of his county, and, thanks to another good innings of 87 by F. S. Jackson, the Yorkshire total reached 442.

Despite a good innings of 69 by Hayes, the Surrey total at the first attempt only realised 116, and, of course, they had to follow on. Hirst followed his fine batting by taking five wickets for 43, and as he also got a wicket for only 6 runs in Surrey's second innings, he played a part in the encounter of which he may well be proud of. On the Surrey side, Hayward played a fine game for 115 in the second innings, but despite his big score, and a lively 44 by Davis, Yorkshire beat them by an innings and 108 runs.

The Australians have had in some measure a week of relaxation, and with the fourth of the test matches staring them in the face their Scottish tour must have come as a relief. Not drawn. High scoring prevented a definite finish being arrived at. At their first attempt the home county put together the good total of 429, Warwickshire replied with 285 for six wickets, and there the match ended.

At the time when these lines were written the fourth test match of the Australian tour was in its infancy. Stanley Jackson made 113, and it is really wonderful how the English captain rises to great occasions. The greater the task, and the more important the occasion, the better he seems to like it. Tom Hayward, too, is an invaluable man to have on one's side when nerve and grit are worth more than flashy methods; but more of this match anon.

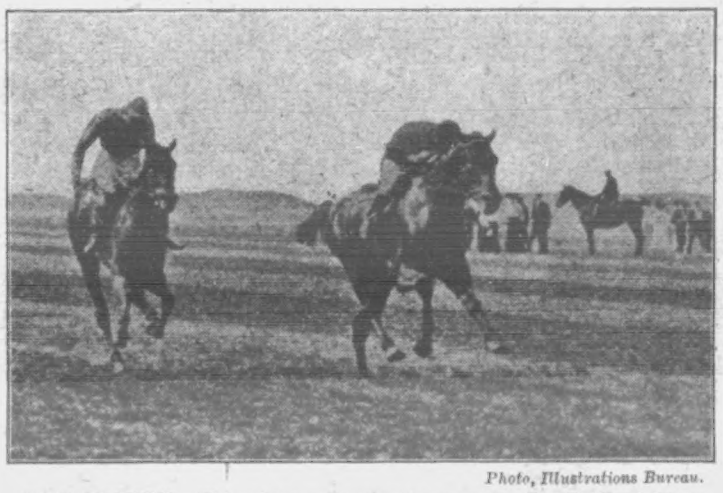
ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

G. A. Olley, the famous cyclist, has created new figures from Land's End to John o' Groat's. His time for the distance was 3 days, 20hrs., 15min. His performance was the more meritorious in that he rode the whole journey without pacemakers. He further encountered a strong head wind and rain for a part of the journey, and on one occasion had to take shelter in a fisherman's cottage for an hour. The previous best time was 4 days 7hrs. 25min. by Dr. F. W. Wesley, of Nottingham.

Alfred Shrubb is showing something of his proper form in the last few races he has run in. He was competing at the Birchfield Harriers' sports at Birmingham last Saturday, and in the three miles handicap he made an attack upon the grass record. He secured the lead at a mile and a quarter and won easily from G. Wigginton, of the Birchfield Harriers, but he was well outside his previous best of 14min. 25sec., his time being 14min. 51⅗sec.

L. F. Tremeer kept up his recent good form by winning the 220yds. handicap in 24sec.; and the South London Harriers beat the Birchfield Harriers in a relay race. W. H. Hickman, Birchfield, won the two miles hurdles, and T. Wigginton, of the same club, the mile in 4min. 40sec. As will be seen, the times were slow, but I hear that the going was none too good. As the result of a series of matches, Birchfield beat South London by four events to three.

The Salford Harriers always manage to draw a crowd, and at Belle Vue, Manchester, there were quite 10,000 people present to witness their sports last Saturday. The star turn was supplied by J. W. Morton, the amateur champion, who was opposed by the Scottish champion, J. P. Stark. The last-named gave his formidable rival a lot to do to break the tape first, and as it was he only did so by inches.



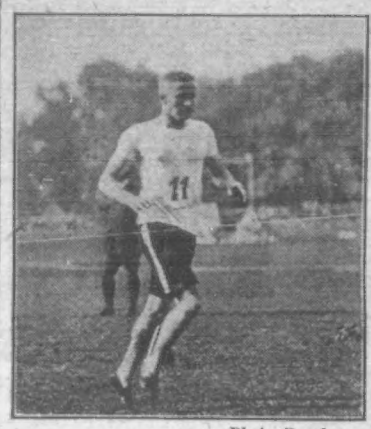
Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE FINISH: This picture shows the race for the Zetland Plate at Newmarket. Notice the position of the leading jockey.

Photo, Rouch.

BRIGADE OF GUARDS' SPORTS AT BURTON'S COURT: The Hurdle Race.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1½d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.



Photo, Rouch.

Brigade of Guards' Sports: Final of the quarter-mile, won by Lce.-Sergt. J. Watkins (depot).

The time, 10⅘secs., suggests that Morton did not run up to form, for he is at least 2yds. better than that.

The sports of the Brigade of Guards, held at Burton's Court, Chelsea, was marred by a regrettable accident in the obstacle race by which three men were injured. The 3rd Grenadiers won the McCalmont Challenge Cup, and they had to thank Private A. Birtwhistle not a little for it, as he won the mile and two miles races. The best sprinting was shown by Private T. Watkins of the Guards Depot.

At the Military Cyclists' Tournament, Private A. J. Tickner, of the 3rd. Batt. East Surrey Regt., won the One Mile Cycle Championship for Volunteers beating Private G J. Calder of the London Scottish, by a length and a half in 3min. 24-5sec. The time sounds small, but the men had to ride in uniform. Tinkner is a well-known member of of the Putney A.C., and Calder belongs to the Polytechnic.

The Mile Cycle Championship of the Army and Navy, was won by Private Howse, of the 2nd (King's) Liverpool Regt., who beat Private J. Harrison, of the Army Service Corps, by two lengths. The Five Miles Team Race for the hundred guineas challenge shield went to the 4th Batt. East Surrey Regt., and the Crystal Palace Gold Challenge Cup (a team obstacle race) by the 26th Middlesex cycling corps, with the 2nd Bedfordshire V.R.C. second, and 1st Lancashire third.

Photo, Foster.

Brearley, who played in the Test Match this week for the first time.

WHY NOT HAVE A HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL SKIN?

We ask this question in all seriousness, because discomfort from skin trouble is quite unnecessary, and nothing is more unpleasant or annoying. You cannot look nice if you have red or rough skin, or any breaking out upon its surface. The irritation, too, is frequently so great as to make the sufferer exceedingly uncomfortable, and in some cases even restful sleep becomes impossible. The first question is, therefore, "What is a Skin Trouble?"

If the health of the outer or scarf skin is affected in any way some form of skin trouble results. If, for instance, too much oil is secreted by the oil glands of the skin, it accumulates on the surface and in the glands, and produces a muddy complexion or face spots. If, on the other hand, the supply of oil is scanty, the skin is rendered delicate and irritable, and looks red, rough, cracked, or neglected, and eczema frequently follows. If there is undue pressure on the scarf skin at any particular spot, it becomes thickened, and a corn or bunion forms. Then, again, the scarf skin may be unhealthy and give rise to chronic eczema or psoriasis, or the blood may be impure and cause sores, for, as Shakespeare says: "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions." Other skin troubles are due to microbes or microscopic fungi eating into the surface, as in ringworm, or the perspiration may be acid and contain excess of impurities and so cause irritation or inflammation, as in rheumatic or gouty eczema, nettlerash, and shingles. The scarf skin may even be temporarily destroyed by a burn, scald, or acute eczema, but whatever the cause of discomfort or disfigurement, the one question asked by the sufferer is, "How can I get relief and make my skin clear, pure, and healthy?"

Before Use.

The answer is very simple. Some twenty years ago a well-known doctor discovered "Antexema," a cooling, healing liquid, which is pleasant to use, and when applied is scarcely seen on the skin. Its effects are magical and the cures so remarkable as to surprise everyone. Immediately it is applied skin irritation ceases and you are on the road to a complete cure.

Before and after Use.

We have in our offices thousands of letters which are open to your inspection, and which have been received from all classes, describing the way they have been cured of every type of skin complaint. In looking through them one comes across such expressions as "'Antexema' has done for me in ten days what the skin hospitals could not do in seven months." "I am quite well from eczema now, after being troubled for five years and attending many doctors." "My face and neck were completely covered with red, sore spots. 'Antexema' cured me." "One of my children had a bad place on her chin, and 'Antexema' cured it."

Before and after Use.

"Always keep a bottle of "Antexema" by you. For every purpose for which cold cream or some similar preparation is used, "Antexema" will be found far more satisfactory. Roughness, chafing, irritability of the skin, and face spots are immediately removed by its use. Many emollients such as we have referred to are used merely to cool and soothe, but are not curative. "Antexema" is superior even as regards soothing and cooling properties, but in addition it heals and cures, and cannot injure even a baby's delicate skin. "Antexema" is specially valuable during the summer, when so many people suffer from insect bites, or their skin smarts from acid perspiration.

Poor Baby!

"Antexema" cures every form of skin trouble, from the simplest ailment to the most severe. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or can be obtained direct, post-free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. We have printed another enormous edition of our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," which has been revised and illustrated. A copy will be sent post-free to readers of the "P.I.P.," together with free trial of "Antexema," if this paper is mentioned and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Write to "Antexema," 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Wake Up, England!

A conference, jointly convened by the Royal Horticultural Society and the National Fruit Growers' Federation, is to be held on October 10, 11, and 12. The important recommendations made recently by the Departmental Committee on Fruit Growing are to be the basis of discussion, and it is hoped that a definite course of action will be decided on. The Fruit Committee's report has infused fresh life into the movement for reforming the fruit trade of this country. Fruit growers suffer many disabilities which the Board of Agriculture will be urged to remedy as far as possible, but it is admitted that there is room for great improvement in the methods they adopt. In sending the fruit to market there is little attempt at co operation, the packing is bad, and no effort is made to grade the consignments. Fruit of inferior quality is mixed up with that of superior quality, whereas if standards were created a larger revenue would accrue to the growers. In this connection a better system of selling is advocated. The agents receive consignments from a number of growers, slump the receipts, and pay out on an average. This, it is contended, is manifestly unfair to the grower whose fruit is of better quality than the rest. One reason why foreign fruit, and apples in particular, have obtained such a strong hold on the British market is because English growers cultivate too many varieties, to the detriment of quality and uniformity. There are nearly fifteen hundred different varieties of apples grown in England. If growers, it is pointed out, concentrated their attention on, say, a dozen varieties each of dessert and culinary apples they would be better able to compete with their French and American rivals. Many decayed orchards, moreover, need to be replanted with young fruit trees.

The question of distribution is also being taken up. In some parts of England fruit in quantity is almost unobtainable, while in other districts there is a glut. The provision of retail markets in many small towns is advocated. It is hoped that the Board of Agriculture may see its way to adopt the Committee's recommendation to establish a special out-department for the fruit industry.

Germany's Travelling Schools.

Farmers' daughters are educated in many parts of Germany in travelling schools, which go from village to village to give girls over sixteen years of age practical lessons in housekeeping, cooking, the selection of food, care of poultry and cattle, the cultivation of vegetables, and butter and cheese making. The results have been so satisfactory that it is now proposed to add instruction in nursing, cooking for the sick, mending and sewing. The teachers, who are graduates of the schools of housework and have passed Government examinations, carry with them an outfit of the cooking stove and the various utensils for cooking and ironing. The classes are held in the school houses, the term lasts six weeks, and the cost of tuition is put so low as practically to exclude no one.

Planting Out Brassicas.

We notice that some growers are getting behind in planting out green stuff, says a writer in *Gardening Illustrated*. This work should be pushed on as fast as possible, as it is well-nigh impossible to obtain good results unless the plants are put out in time. It is more than ever an imperative necessity that the market gardener should produce as good an article as possible. Since so many ordinary farmers have taken to growing green stuffs, and are deluging the markets with second and third-rate produce, which is sold, much of it, at knock-out prices, the man who is really a market gardener and not a farmer, can only make things pay by producing the very best, and to do this there must be no lagging behind in getting the crops into their final quarters. We notice also among market growers an increasing tendency to crowd these vegetables. We have nothing to say against the planting of, say, coleworts, small sorts of cabbage, and savoys at 12in. apart in all directions, but when we see drumhead savoys, Imperial cabbage, autumn cauliflower, and sometimes broccoli and Brussels sprouts so crowded, then we know that only second-rate produce will be grown. Take the case of savoys. During the past season, while it was often almost impossible to dispose of small savoys, really fine stuff in curled and drumhead sold well. The smaller growers must more and more strive to grow quality combined with size. It is all very well to say that small stuff is best eating; it may, in fact, be so, but if the public prefer size, then it is to the growers' interest to produce it. But it can never be so produced by crowded planting. This is, we are sure, one of the many rocks upon which the very frail bark of many growers has come and is coming to grief. We notice also that many are planting out their green stuffs among their potatoes. We have nothing to say against the practice under certain conditions, such as among the early potatoes that are to be dug and sold as soon as large enough, but when this is done among potatoes that are only planted the usual distance apart and that have to stand in the land until ripe then a great mistake is made. Nothing is gained any way, and sometimes much is lost.

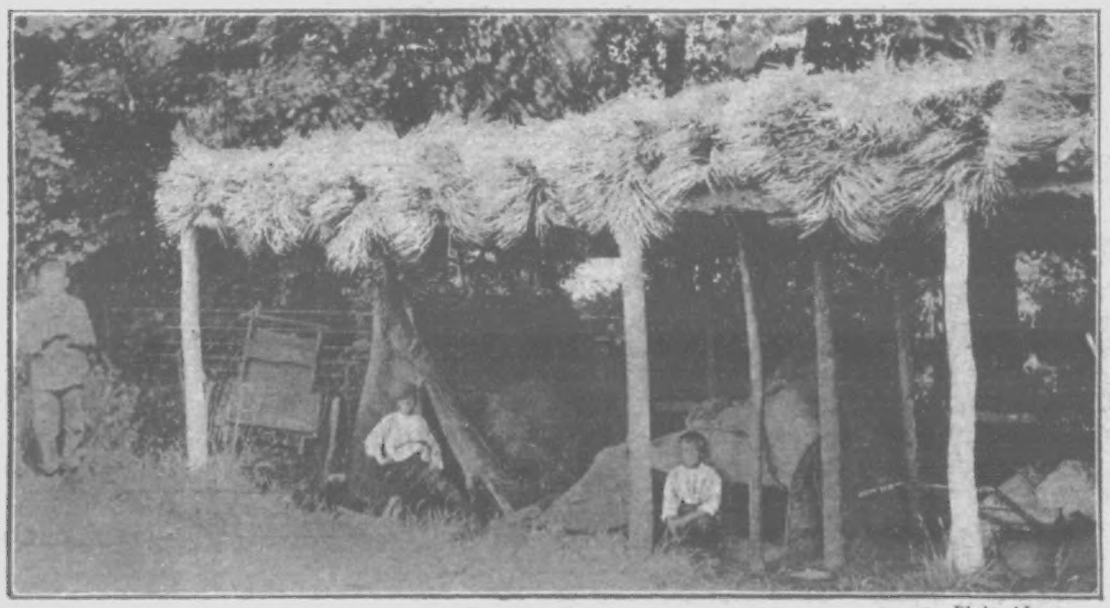
Colour Production.

Being fond of watching results from the mating of differently coloured fowls, perhaps your readers would find my little theory of coloured production amusing, if not instructive, says a writer in *Poultry*. Birds of mar king, such as Hamburghs, Wyandottes, and the like, are not included in this theory, from want of opportunities for observation. My belief is that all colours may be produced from what may be called the primary colours—viz., black red, silver duckwing, black, and white; but no amount of mixture of any three of these will produce the fourth, unless by throwing back to an actual infusion of the blood of that colour into one of the other coloured strains. For instance, crossing black and white produces blues, splashes, cuckoos, and self colours of each parent, but never black reds or silver greys, unless either of the strains crossed has been comparatively recently crossed with black red or silver grey. Similarly, I have never noticed black or white produced from any pure strain of silver grey and black red when crossed. Brown reds of many shades are produced from a mixture of black red, and the addition of white brings piles of all sorts—ginger-reds, buffs, spangles, and others; or, should the grey colour be infused, we get yellow birchens, silver birchens, and all sorts of duckwings, according to the proportionate amounts of each colour in the combination. Of course it is well known that red and grey produce duckwings and red and white cause piles, or, in each case, self colours of either parent, which are, of course, not pure.

THE LAVENDER SEASON: From the fields to the scent-bottle.

Photo, V. Gribayédoff, Paris.

A FRENCH VILLAGE FÊTE.



Photo, Advance.

A PICTURESQUE ENCAMPMENT: English lavender cutters in their temporary home. Two families of nine persons live here.

Dressing Foul Land.

The best way to cleanse very foul land is to give it, as soon as possible, a good dressing of lime—best chalk or limestone lime, freshly burnt—ten tons an acre, or one and a quarter hundredweight a rod, not being too much. Place it in small heaps, slake with the smallest amount of water necessary to cause it to fall to a fine, apparently dry powder, then spread evenly and leave on the surface. The lime acts well on the organic matter, and even on the malignant organisms on the surface or in the soil. A dry day should be chosen, and with the prospect of fair weather for a time. These operations are best carried out in autumn, so that the lime may be left on the surface for the winter. If the place is devoid of grass have it sown in spring, preferably not before the early part of April, merely harrowing the land and breaking the surface near any trees with an iron rake: then sow the grass seeds, rake lightly with a wooden rake, and roll well down. If the spring be mild, sowing may be done in March, and there will be a fair growth of grass by May. If not overdone by the fowls, it will gain in growth as the season advances, and yield herbage of a very acceptable nature to them.

Roupy Fowls.

A correspondent who asks for advice as to the treatment of roupy fowls is advised to put the birds in a moderately warm room, and, if possible, have each sick fowl in a pen by itself, out of draughts and in a fairly even temperature. Cleanse the nostrils and eyes of all roupy matter by means of a small syringe, and bathe the face and eyes with a sponge. For this purpose use a mixture of burnt alum half a drachm, carbolic acid half a drachm, and water three ounces. When any frothiness appears in the throat, remove it with a feather dipped in carbolised water (sol. carbolic acid one to twenty of water). If specks or patches appear, take them off with a spoon-like stick. Feed the birds twice a day with soft nourishing food, slightly seasoned with spice made of equal parts of powdered aniseed, fenugreek, liquorice, and ginger, a teaspoonful to about ten sick fowls. Should they refuse to eat, mix the meal and spice with milk into a stiff paste, make it into boluses, and put two or three of these into each bird's throat, pressing them down with the finger, and working them into the crop. As the strength of the fowls returns, the food should gradually be changed to that of a more substantial nature.

A New Source of Sulphate of Ammonia.

A new source of sulphate of ammonia! "The more the merrier," exclaims my farmer friend, who, during the last few years, has seen to his cost the price of this important fertiliser continually moving up. It has advanced from £11 in 1900 to somewhere about £13, which means, on the 70,000 tons used for agricultural purposes in this country, a sum approaching £150,000 a year out of the farmers' pockets. It must not be expected, however, that the new material—assuming that the process of manufacture proves a commercial success—will seriously compete for the present with the regular supplies, because it will come on the market at first in comparatively small quantities; but the shadow of its advent should at least have the effect of exercising a moderating tendency in the views of the seller of the commodity. The process of the new manufacture seems to be simple, although it requires a large and expensive plant. It consists in combining by a clever chemical arrangement the nitrogen which escapes in the form of gas from slowly burning masses of peat with a percentage of the nitrogen in the atmosphere, and passing the combined nitrogenous gases through sulphuric acid, the result being sulphate of ammonia. It is claimed that by this means sulphate of ammonia can be produced at a cost considerably lower than that of the ordinary article made at gas, shale, and coke works. A sample analysed by Dr. Bernard Dyer shows that it is excellent in quality, containing 95·98 per cent. of pure sulphate of ammonia, yielding 24·72 per cent. of ammonia, free from any deleterious admixture. The condition, also, is very satisfactory, being fine and dry, admirably suited for use alone or for compounding with superphosphate and potash salts.—*Mark Lane Express.*

Wheat Crop Saved by Kisses.

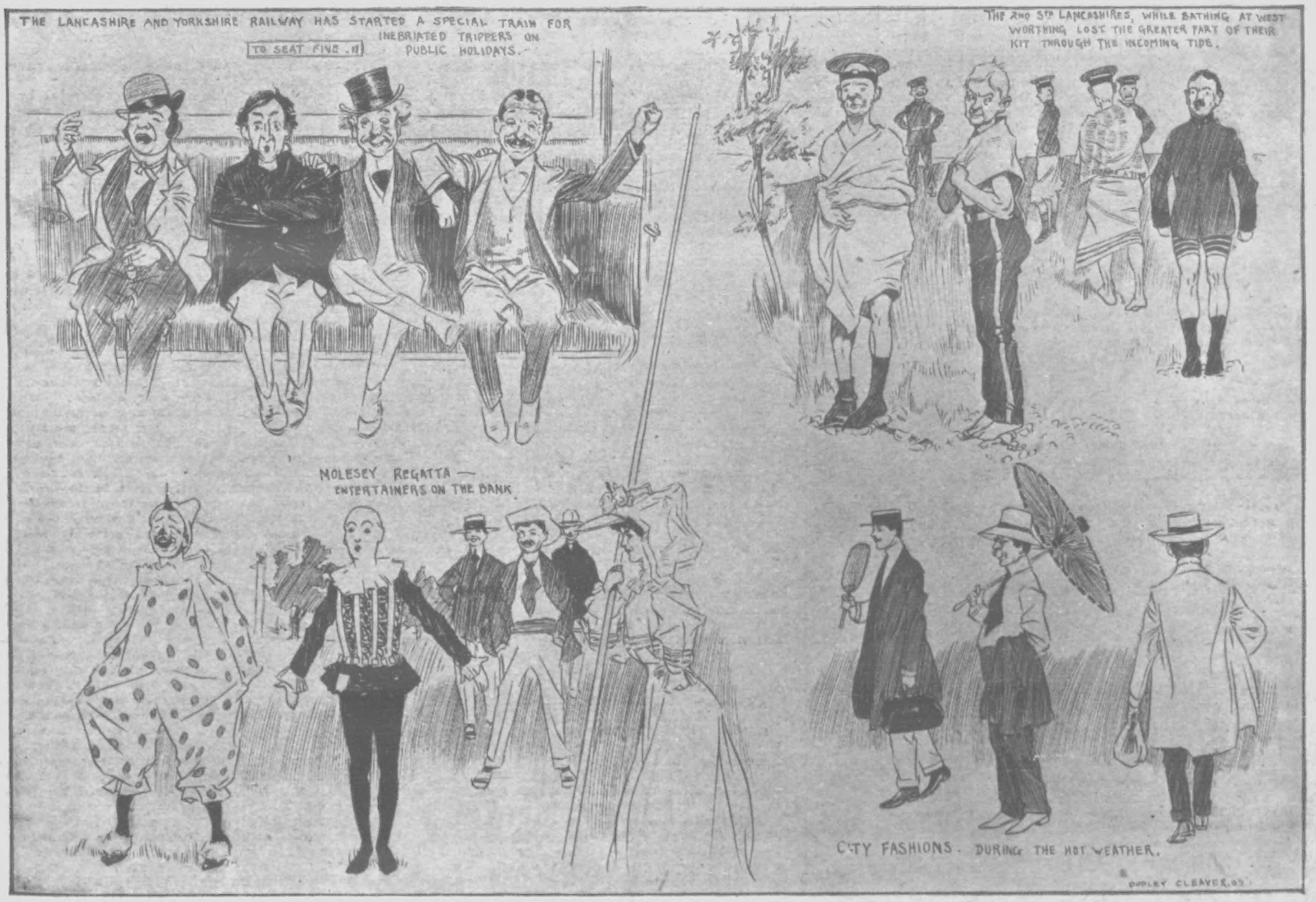
In order to save her father's wheat from rain by an impending storm, Mabel Huston, aged eighteen, the daughter of a Kansas farmer, offered to the three harvest hands who stored the most wheat prizes of three kisses, one kiss, and one hug. The wheat was saved.

"Simple Life" Sequel.

The craze for living the simple life (in summer) has resulted in creating a problem in the housing of the labouring classes in Kent and Sussex. Working men, and particularly farm hands, experience the greatest difficulty in obtaining accommodation in consequence of the unprecedented demand by people in good circumstances for quaint and comfortable cottages, for which they are offering much increased rents. In the district between Tunbridge Wells and Brighton the matter has become so serious that several landlords are refusing to let their cottages to people who only want to live the "simple life" in some of the prettiest Sussex villages.

LYNCHED IN LONDON:

A verdict of death from natural causes, accelerated by excitement, was returned at the inquest at Bethnal Green on John Jacobs, seventy-six, who died after being mobbed on his ejection from Victoria Park. The old man's movements with a little girl aroused the suspicion of a spectator, who called the attention of the park police to the case. No evidence was forthcoming to justify detention of Jacobs, who was escorted struggling to the gates. Afterwards a mob of over a hundred persons collected in the street, and the man was struck several times in the face. There were also cries of "Lynch him," and "Put him in the trough." He fell to the ground and died.



SOME HUMOURS OF THE WEEK: By our Special Artist.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

How to Look Young.

That is not a thing which seems desirable to us when we really are young, and nothing probably flatters the girl of sixteen more than to be told she looks twenty. When, however, she has reached that age, she would probably like to stay there, or even to regain the immature charms of sweet sixteen.

How to look young is a matter of great importance to us as we get on in life, and to those who have their living to get it is of even more importance than to the happy owners of comfortable incomes.

Keeping young-looking depends very much on ourselves. Here is some good advice once given by a beautiful woman to a girl admirer who asked her for her receipt for remaining "such an ever green."

"Never work on till you are seemingly at the last gasp, whether at your business or your pleasure, but rest as you go along. If you forego rest till your work is done, the chances are that you will then be too tired to take it. Get all the beauty sleep you can. Remember that late hours are fatal to good looks and health, and don't commit the folly of working far into the night, and then wondering why your work is not well done and you feel so good-for-nothing next day.

"Shield your nerves and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace the platform wildly, but inquire when the next comes in, and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clench and unclench their hands, and are apparenily in a fever heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. That half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it.

"Try to cultivate calm, but if you cannot do that all at once, you can keep your face still. It need not record all your emotions of anger, worry, and perplexity. Biting your lips and wrinkling your brows will not help you, and the indulgence in these tricks will add ugly lines to your face, making you old-looking before your time.

"Besides, a clever woman knows that grumbling never produces a good result."

A Last Resource.

An amusing experience of Mr. Fred Terry shows the light in which "play actors" are sometimes regarded even nowadays. Mr. Terry had taken into his service a poor girl from the workhouse, but it seemed impossible to train her. She smashed up plates, dishes, &c., till Mr. Terry began almost to fear she would smash him up too. He therefore dismissed her, but, feeling sorry for the girl's friendless condition, he asked her what she proposed to do for a living. "Oh," said the girl scornfully, "if the wust comes to the wust, I can go on the stage!"

A Plea for the Ex-Baby.

The advent of a new baby in a house is generally a time of sorrow for its young predecessor, who is laughed at for having its "nose put out of joint," and is often made to feel that the latest arrival is the cause of much unpleasantness and neglect. Under such circumstances what wonder if, instead of learning to love "mother's little dolly," its small elder sister or brother should learn to hate with a jealous hatred the innocent cause of the apparent diminution of love and tenderness which is so hard to bear?

Grown-up people often find it very hard to "play second fiddle" with a good grace, and their own experience should make them very tender for the feelings of the little ex-king or queen of the nursery; but even mothers sometimes fail lamentably in this respect.

Children have an innate and very strong sense of justice, and the petted ex-baby bitterly feels that it is not just that he should, for no cause which he can understand, be apparently ousted from favour by a wretched little mortal whom the mother adores, but who does nothing in the world but feed, sleep, and cry.

Jealousy is born in the heart of the ex-baby, and, unless the mother be tactful and wise, the ugly weed may grow till the child's nature is spoilt, and he becomes spiteful and vindictive.

One often hears mothers and nurses laughingly tell of the smack that the jealous ex-baby gave to the little newcomer, but really the matter is a grave one and should be so considered. It is no good to blame the ex-baby, for the person who caused that smack to be given was the mother or nurse who failed to make the little one understand that it was as much loved as ever, and that, though the little new-comer's helplessness gave it a large share of attention, it had only its own share of love.

In the treatment of children people are apt to forget that the little folks have many of the natural impulses of grown people. They love and hate with all the strength of their little hearts, and their ideas on right and wrong are as of the elementary order which has nothing to do with ethics, but is entirely a matter of expediency.

Grown men and women often regulate their conduct by expediency rather than conscience, but, however elementary their passions, experience generally prevents their giving rein to them in a way which will be offensive to other people; but children, of course, have no such experience. Thus it comes to pass that a child's jealousy will lead to some deplorable act of violence, and we are appalled by reading in the newspaper some domestic tragedy, though it is rarely such a terrible one as that which recently happened near St. Quentin, in France, where two little boys, aged five and six, drowned their baby brother in the river flowing past their home because they thought their mother neglected them for his sake.

Photo, Mándy.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA.

Photo, Mándy.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, who is now on a visit to England. She is staying at Buckingham Palace.

To Break a Pole Placed on Glasses.

Take two tumblers of equal size, fill with water, and place at such a distance from each other that the ends of a wooden rod may rest upon the edges of the tumblers; then with another rod strike sharply the one suspended between the two glasses, just in the middle, and the wooden pole, if not very strong, will be broken, while the glasses remain unharmed.

When Storing Blankets.

Cut up a bar of well-dried yellow soap, and place the pieces among the folds. This will keep away moths.

Plasmon Whipped Cream.

Plasmon whipped cream is made as follows: Put two or three tablespoonfuls (not more at a time) of Plasmon stock into a large cup or one-pound jar, whisk briskly a few minutes, when a thick cream will result. Add sifted sugar and vanilla, or other flavouring to taste, whisk quickly again for half a minute. This cream can now be used for tea, coffee, cocoa, stewed fruits, &c., or may be eaten alone. A "Dover" wheel whisk gives the best results—namely, Plasmon whipped cream; the longer it is whisked the thicker it becomes.

Note.—To have this cream is perfection it is essential for the stock to be quite cold.

Welsh Cheese-cake.

Line the edge of a piedish with light pastry, ornamenting it with leaves of pastry. Half fill the inside of the dish with stewed apples that have been cooked in very little water. Take two eggs, their weight in butter, sugar, and flour, make all into a batter. Spread this carefully over the fruit and bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes. Shake powdered sugar over and serve.

Sardine Sandwiches.

Dip half a dozen sardines into boiling water and remove the skin and bones. Pound them in a mortar with a hard-boiled egg. Season with a squeeze of lemon juice and a few grains of cayenne. Cut some thin slices of brown bread and butter, spread with this paste. Press together, cut into fancy shapes, and serve on a folded napkin garnished with parsley.

Where Little Women have the Advantage.

One hears that tall girls are in request as employées, and that their short sisters very frequently find their lack of inches militates greatly against their earning a living. The idea that the tall girl is more active or stronger than the short girl is contrary to actual fact, and Cupid, at any rate, seems to find the little woman particularly attractive. Nearly all the recent brides in Society, instead of being "divinely tall," have been somewhat small of stature.

Theoretically, everyone admires the woman of tall and commanding presence, but, as a matter of fact, the tall woman is often somewhat at a disadvantage with men. She cannot assume the coaxing airs, the pretty helplessness, and the fascinating pertness which a man finds so piquant and delightful in the little girl. Her style is dignified, and it is often somewhat alarming to the other sex, and yet if she assumes the kittenish airs and graces which in the *petite* woman prove so attractive, she at once makes herself laughable.

So the "little girl" has advantages in her dealing with man. She may be the sturdy oak and he the clinging vine, but her diminutive stature will prevent his suspecting the fact, and as he can at least imagine himself her strong protector she will be pleasing to him. There is nothing in woman that appeals more strongly, probably, to man than her weakness and helplessness—it is, in fact, a subtle sort of flattery to his supposed strength—and, therefore, all other things being equal, the diminutive maiden will usually be preferred to her divinely tall sister, whose self-reliance and strength are foolishly imagined to be in proportion to her inches.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Woman and Her Dress.

What is the precise attitude that men would have women take up with regard to dress? They are perpetually rating the sex for alleged extravagance in this direction, they are continually grumbling at Fashion, and yet is it not always the best-dressed women who attract and command the attention of men?—*Lady's Pictorial.*

Beauty's Turpitude.

I have heard that women are dishonest in the way of sending to milliners for boxes of hats on approval, keeping them a week, and when they return them with a note to say that none suit, the owner finds that each has been worn once, if not several times; and this fact is betrayed by innumerable pin-holes. I certainly myself have known women who are not above sending for clothes on approbation, carefully taking the pattern, and getting them copied by a cheaper dressmaker.—Lady Henry Somerset in *Black and White.*

The Effect of Pleasure in the Expression.

If a woman wants to look her best she must be at her happiest. She must be expecting pleasure and appreciation and admiration. Not only the expression, but even the muscles of the face and its line are altered by the feeling and thoughts behind. Even tight boots will spoil the expression of the face, and an uncomfortable or badly fitting dress will spoil a woman's appearance, even more by reason of its effect on her physical feelings and her *fear* of not looking well dressed than from any fault in the costume itself.—Harry Furniss in the *Gentlewoman.*

Some Witty Epigrams.

Cupid makes men do many things; so does cupidity.

You can judge the social standing of a woman from the way she sits down.

When a woman says of her husband, "He is a wretch," she may still love him; probably she does. When she says, "He is a good sort"—poor fellow.

The Lord took from man a rib, with which he made a woman. As soon as this process was finished, woman went back to man and took the rest of him, which she has kept ever since.

After all, matrimony is like a mushroom. The only way to ascertain whether it is the genuine article, you have got or poison is to swallow it—and wait.

The world is not ruled by men of talent, but by men of character.

The husband who knows how to keep something always in store for his wife has solved the great problem of happiness in married life.

—The late Max O'Rell in "Rambles in Womanland."

Economy in Dress.

"The Truth about Man" is one of the books of the moment, and it seems to me that someone should take up the parable and tell the truth about Woman. That screed would be of vital interest, and most likely an eye-opener to the world in general. As may be expected, I side with my own sex, and maintain that woman is in many respects the equal and, in some, the superior of man. Her brain powers are as good as his; she has more method, more industry, and far more tact, temper, and endurance. But one must hold the scales of justice even. She is less generous, and often less tender-hearted—this sounds like rank treason—is not so just, and generally not so broad-minded, and certainly has a far poorer sense of proportion. And—perhaps owing to the last-named want—women, as a class, have most uncertain ideas on the subject of economy. They define the word simply as the not spending of money, and associate it chiefly with straitened circumstances. But economy means administration, the cleverest way of spending one's money, whether one's allowance is £50 or £5,000. In either case, the following rules hold good: (1) Pay ready money for everything. (2) Never spend anything without well considering if the article in question is a necessity. Will it be valued twenty-four hours after purchase? (3) Always leave a margin—that is to say, always live within your income. (4) Keep accounts; even the record of a penny account-book acts as a check on one's expenditure. The secret of true economy is trouble-taking; laziness and extravagance are apt to go hand-in-hand.—A Society Butterfly in *M. A. P.*

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Rehearsals have commenced at the Lyric Theatre of Mr. Robert Courtneidge's production of "The Blue Moon," the musical play by Harold Ellis, lyrics by Paul Rubens and Percy Greenbank, with music by Howard Talbot and Paul Rubens. As at present arranged by Mr. Tom B. Davis the first performance, all being well, will be given on the last Saturday in August. The action of the piece takes place in Upper Burma, which will permit of picturesque surroundings of scenery and costumes, the former having been painted by R. McCleery and Stafford Hall, while Wilhelm has designed the latter. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Hamish McCunn. As already announced, there is a particularly strong cast of principals, headed by Willie Edouin, who should be funny as a renegade Englishman masquerading as a native of Thibet; Walter Passmore; Courtice Pounds, as a musical enthusiast; Harold Thorley, who as a vocalist has a great Australian reputation; Fred Allandale; and Scott Craven, who will play the part of a Burmese Prince. Chief among the ladies is Miss Ida Reno, who will thus make her long-promised *début* in musical comedy; Miss Carrie Moore, another great favourite in Australia, who was very popular in pantomime at Liverpool last Christmas; Miss Billie Burke; and Miss Rosie Begarnie.

Mr. Clifton Bingham, the popular song-writer, has been giving some amusing reminiscences of his early career to the readers of *M.A.P.* Speaking of the time when his lyrics first began to be published, he says: "Just at this time the popular song was all about dying children and angels, and I wrote many of this kind. I remember some years later I sent a lyric on this subject to Frederic H. Cowen, who asked me, in a pleasant letter returning it, if I didn't think he and I had killed enough little children between us! I did."

About this time he paid his first "professional" visit to London: "I went up to see on business a publisher to whom I had sold many 'dying child' lyrics. When I presented myself he stared at me in amazement. 'Good gracious,' he cried, 'judging from your songs I thought you were an old man with one foot in the grave!' I assured him that both my feet were so far well outside the tomb, in spite of everything I had written. But his surprise was something to be remembered."

It has at length been finally decided that when the present international rejoicings at Brest, at the resumption by France and England of the cordial relationship that should ever exist between two great nations which, but for only twenty fathoms of water—no more than the height of the Monument—would be geographically joined together, shall culminate on Friday the 11th of August next in the State Luncheon to be given at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London to the officers and bluejackets of the two fleets, no more fitting or appropriate conclusion to the civic entertainment could possibly follow the banquet than a special afternoon performance at the traditional home of spectacular ballet, the Alhambra. Thither, at about 2.30 p.m., will the Lord Mayor and his *entourage* proceed in ceremony, accompanied by the French and English sailors; and, in accordance with the wishes of the Lords of the Admiralty, one of the principal items in the distinctive programme framed for the matinée will be a full representation of the highly successful ballet, "L'Entente Cordiale." Many new and stirring scenes will be depicted by the Urbanora Bioscope; whilst, as befits so important an occasion, the theatre will be lavishly decorated.

The New Cross Empire will celebrate its sixth anniversary on Tuesday, August 1st, when Mr. Horace Cole, the manager, proposes to break records as far as bumper programmes are concerned. The "houses" that night will each be of three hours' duration, the usual prices will be charged, and every star in London on the Moss and Stoll circuit that week has promised his services. "My Fancy" will be seen in a dancing scena with eight of the charming lady dancers from the Coliseum, and Miss Madge Lessing, assisted by the famous Coliseum choristers, will positively appear.

I am informed that a fresh series of Sunday afternoon concerts will commence in the Royal Albert Hall on October 8th, under entirely new management. Arrangements have already been concluded with the Queen's Hall and the London Symphony Orchestras to play alternately under the conductorship of Mr. Henry J. Wood for the former, and of other well-known wielders of the bâton for the latter body of skilled musicians. Negotiations are proceeding for the engagement of many leading vocalists and instrumentalists, whose reputation will be a guarantee of the excellence of each performance. Further particulars will be published in due course, including the programmes and the names of soloists in advance. Admission, as heretofore, will be free.

Photo, Bassano.

H.R.H. Princess Christian and Mr. George Alexander at a theatrical fete at the Botanical Gardens.

The title of the farcical problem to be produced at Wyndham's Theatre on the 2nd proximo seems likely to become a household expression. Miss Vesta Tilly, ever up-to-date, will soon sing a new ditty entitled, "What the Butler Saw." The description of the scenes witnessed by Miss Tilly's "Jeames" will no doubt interest her many admirers.

Next Monday (July 31st) some important changes will be made at the London Coliseum, when two popular favourites will return, namely, Mr Eugene Stratton, who will appear at the three o'clock and nine o'clock performances in an interesting scena, and Miss Madge Lessing, who will appear at the same performances. Miss Lessing's scenas are quite new, and will, I believe, be staged in a novel and effective manner. The first is set in a dainty Irish scene in which Miss Madge Lessing will sing "My Sweet Molly, O." She will be supported by a number of special dancers, children, and full stage chorus. Her second scene is described as "An Illustration of the Evolution of Rag Time," and it contains a number of curious scenes, the curtain rising in the first instance on a collection of Hottentot kraals from which little Hottentot children emerge to perform native dances. Altogether more than a dozen new numbers will be presented on the date mentioned. Mr. Rutland Barrington and Mr. Courtice Pounds conclude their engagement at the Coliseum at the end of next week.

It was a pretty spectacle that was presented at the illuminated fête of the Playgoers' Club last week in the Botanic Gardens. Festoons of Chinese lanterns lit up the walks, and amid the foliage there twinkled thousands of many-coloured fairy lights. The band of the Royal Horse Guards provided popular music, and altogether the fête was one of the most enjoyable in the history of this up-to-date club.

On Wednesday, the 200 performing animals at Hengler's Circus went through their wonderful programme of tricks entirely for the benefit of the children of London's slums. Mr Horace Livermore and Signor Volpi, the proprietors, generously offered the whole of the proceeds of the evening's entertainment to the Fresh Air Fund, and the public backed them up well, thus ensuring a country trip to several hundreds of slum waifs. It may be mentioned that there are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fares. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child. £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Express* Office, Tudor-street, London, E.C., and will be acknowledged in that paper.

Last Friday St. Martin's Lane was the scene of great excitement upon the arrival of thirty Somali warriors from the Crystal Palace to witness the twelve o'clock performance at the Coliseum. In full headdress and war costume, and armed to the teeth with their native weapons, they left Ludgate Hill station by brakes and proceeded to the Coliseum. It seemed that the performance was a revelation to them, and they were particularly struck with the beauty of the lady artistes and choristers. Indeed, the chief went so far as to make a definite offer to Mr. Coates, the Press manager, of three hundred sheep for one lady. The powdered wigs of the attendants seemed to perplex the dusky visitors, and one, more curious than the rest, grasped an attendant by the head and passed his fingers several times through his powdered locks in an attempt to see how the effect was produced.

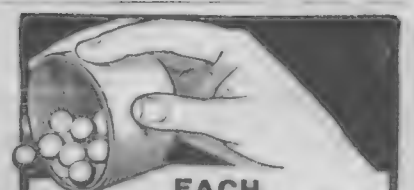
I learn that the committee of the Sherborne Pageant (an illustrated article upon which was published in the *P. I. P.* a few weeks ago) announce that, after meeting all expenses, a profit of over £1,500 has been realised.

Patrick E. Doherty, a theatrical manager, and member of the Irish Bar, toured a drama called "A Life for a Life" for thirteen weeks at a loss, and in consequence filed his petition. He told his creditors that his liabilities were £1,700 and his assets £1,150.

The great attraction at the Empress Music Hall, Brixton, is the special engagement of Mr. J. Woolf's combination entitled "Past and Present," illustrating the old and new style of boxing, and introducing that veteran fighter, Jem Mace, the retired champion of the world. He has on show his belts, cups, trophies, and medals, and gives a three-round exhibition with Tug Wilson, of Leicester. Jem Mace's records are as follows: Defeated Posh Price, 11 rounds for £50 a side (1857). Defeated Bob Travers (1860) in 57 rounds for £100. Defeated Bob Brettle (1860) in 6 rounds for £200. Defeated Sam Hirst (1860) in 8 rounds for £200 and the championship. Defeated Tom King (1862) in 43 rounds for £40. Defeated Joe Goss (1863) in 19 rounds for £200. Draw with Joe Goss (1866) in 61 rounds for £400. Defeated Joe Goss (1866) in 21 rounds for £200. Defeated Tom Allen (1870) in 10 rounds for £1,000. Draw with Joe Coburn (1871) for £400, etc., etc. Also challenged John E. Heenan and Tom Sayers for the Championship of the World for £1,000, both refusing to meet him, and forfeited their championship belts and the title. Tug Wilson defeated Jack Hodges, of Leicester, in 4½ hours. Defeated the invincible Kenny, of Birmingham, in 3½ hours. Defeated Alf Greenfield, of Birmingham, in 2½ hours. Defeated Carney, of York, in 1½ hours. In his last engagement he defeated John L. Sullivan, of America, for £1,000.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME: One of the only photographs in which she is not displaying her teeth.



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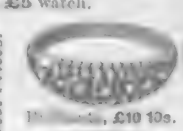

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THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

OFF THE TOWER.

Dawn was breaking in the East, and, standing side by side on the high bridge of the *Kennet*, were Grenville and Carson.

"How have we done it?" asked Grenville.

"Heaven may know, but I don't!" answered Carson. "I suppose we are really here and not drivelling or dreaming? It doesn't seem possible that we can have survived that awful night."

"It is true, all the same," said Grenville. "Here we are, literally unsheathed. And there's the Tower Bridge ahead, and the good old *Eagle* plugging up towards Billingsgate in the most natural way in the world. Of course we may be skied even yet, and guns may smash us, but I don't expect it. I think the raiders' ammunition has run out, and that they must have abandoned or been driven out of some of the positions they occupied."

"Talk about barging up the Thames!" exclaimed Carson. "Many a time when I've been on the river have I cursed the barges and the bargees because they blundered into everything and everybody; but if it hadn't been for setting those barges adrift and letting the tide carry them up and explode the mines that we missed and that escaped their panic-stricken button-pressers, we shouldn't have been here, eh? I'll guarantee that now the enemy is fondly supposing that he's sunk the whole of the troops who were being sent from the fleet to land in London and have a tough shot at kicking out the raiders."

"The idea of half doing what we made the prisoners believe we meant to do—that is, actually letting some barges loose to draw the fire of the batteries and the explosion of the mines," said Grenville, "was yours. And that is one of the first things I shall have the pleasure of reporting."

"Oh!" said Carson. "You needn't bother about me—except, of course," he added shyly, and turning towards the dawn, "there's the future Mrs. C. She'd be pleased, you know. She wouldn't be feminine, if she weren't."

"Why, my dear chap!" declared Grenville, "I didn't even know you were engaged!"

"No more did anybody else," Carson told him frankly. "But I am, and that's a fact. And she is really the very sweetest and best girl in Dublin, or the world, for that matter. She's as poor as I am, which means that we should have had to wait; but when this war's over I reckon I shall have prize-money enough to get married on. For which reason I'm a believer in fighting. If I'd been a bishop, say, with five thousand a year coming in, sleeping or waking, working or lazing, I daresay I should have thought differently and preached peace from the chimney-tops." He laughed whimsically. "Talk about dear old Collingwood sending blessings to his Sarah lest he should never bless her more! By the powers! He never sent such shoals as I did last night to my Eileen when I knew we were in for the mine-destroying! But to put these tender memories aside for future consideration, and come to present hard, stern business? What's the next move? What do you take your instructions to be?"

"To find out what is really happening in London and then run back helter-skelter to the admiral," rejoined Grenville.

"And I wonder what he will do?" said Carson.

"I wonder, too, my son. At present I haven't even the ghost of an inkling of an idea. Just look about us, and see what the raiders have done in the world's richest river. Suppose you were to put it into one word, which would you use?"

"Devastation," answered Carson promptly.

"I think ruin would be better," continued Grenville. "If I had not seen it with my own eyes I could never have believed that such a state of things would be possible, any more than I could have imagined it possible for a flotilla to get up such a mine-infested river without any serious damage."

"Fortune favours the brave and reckless," said Carson. "That's the only explanation I can give. And, of course, there's the protection of heaven."

"Quite so," remarked Grenville. "But on that point, what about the women and children who've been butchered?"

"Ah!" replied Carson, "that's a stumper for cleverer people than I am."

"To get back to the main point," continued Grenville, "neither ruin nor devastation covers the evil which has been wrought. It is too vast to be described in any word that I can call to mind."

"They've chosen the tune," said Carson, "and they'll have to pay the piper. I suppose already they've worked mischief to the tune of a round hundred millions at the very least. You can take it that they'll have to stump up every cent of damages, and a bit more into the bargain."

"And you think that would fit the bill?" asked Grenville.

"Acting on precedent, I suppose it would," the junior agreed.

"Not in my opinion," said Grenville in harsh tones. "If I had the settling of this affair I would impose terms and conditions which would ensure the peace of the civilised world if not for ever, at any rate in my own day and generation—and that is as far ahead as the modern man can look. However, we can trust to the politicians to settle that matter. I don't think the country will allow them to bungle when the reckoning comes, however much they may have bungled before."

In a perfect and wonderful silence the flotilla went up the river. There was no sign of life or traffic on the water, and the very shores seemed to be dead and deserted.

"I can't reckon it up," said Grenville uneasily. "I'm sure there are troops about, and I don't know whether they're British or foreign. I don't suppose we could tell even if we saw them. There's no mistaking us, anyway. Hello!"

They were abreast of the Tower of London, steaming up the river towards Westminster, slowly for destroyers, but still at a good speed, since destroyers are difficult to handle otherwise. Suddenly from the grey old building there was a rattle of rifle fire.

"That proves malice," observed Grenville. "No British troops would fire on us. I suppose the Tower's been seized and that we're being peppered from the moat and the building. So!"

As he looked a number of men in khaki appeared and made a rush for the guns which were still undamaged on the Tower wharf and commanded the river.

Instantly the guns of the flotilla were brought to bear on the unexpected body of the enemy, and before the weapons on the wharf could be loaded or fired, they had been dismounted or destroyed. And this was done by a passing cannonade from the flotilla. A few men were lost, killed or wounded by bullets; but the flotilla itself was uninjured.

"Now," said Grenville, "I must make my choice between turning and going back or anchoring and seeing what happens. I suppose it would be best to anchor a bit and learn exactly how things stand. One thing is certain—we can't get beyond London Bridge."

"Anchoring would be as little risky as anything," said Carson. "That seems to be what the *Eagle* is doing. How that skipper has brought that queer little hooker up the river!"

The *Eagle*, having steamed as far as Billingsgate, had let her anchor go, and was now at rest within a stone's throw of London Bridge, and within hailing distance of Grenville.

"Baltic Fleet business again!" roared the skipper. "That pepperin' dodge from the Tower, eh? But, by gum, not so bad, because you were expectin' this, an' t'other came on you like a thunderbolt. What shall we do now?"

"Come aboard," answered Grenville, and the skipper obeyed. He ordered his own boat to be launched, and accompanied by the mate and the third hand he joined Grenville.

"What's the next performance, sir?" asked the skipper.

"That's what I'm wondering," answered Grenville. "Hello! What's the meaning of this?"

He pointed through one of the arches of the bridge to a small boat which was being rowed with urgent speed towards them.

"Them's Englishmen," commented the skipper, "an' in a mighty split to ask summat or tell summat. Listen! 'a

A man rose in the stern-sheets of the boat and shouted, "*Kennet*, ahoy!"

Grenville went to the end of the bridge, Carson and the skipper with him.

"There's something familiar about that man," said Grenville, in puzzled tones, "but I can't for the life of me reckon him up."

"I'm thinkin' the same," said the skipper. "I've an idea I've seen him afore—but then in times like these you easily get the jim-jams an' queer fancies."

The boat quickly came alongside.

"Lieutenant Grenville, ahoy!" shouted the man in the boat, with almost unnecessary excitement.

"Well, upon my soul!" exclaimed Grenville. "It's that chap, John Steel! But what a change! This chap's turned soldier. Last time I saw him he was a starving unemployed sort of ragamuffin!"

"An' I wasn't dreamin' or fancyin'," said the skipper, "for last time I saw him he was deck-'and o' the *Eagle*, an' a jolly good deck-'and, too."

John Steel tumbled excitedly on board, leaving his companions, Brereton and Wall, in the boat.

"Well, this is a surprise, sir," he declared. "I was ordered to come down from Westminster Bridge an' see who'd run up the river. We knew they must be some of our own ships. An' I find it's somebody I've met before that's in charge—an' in tow o' that there's that queer old *Eagle*, too, I knew her on sight."

"An' what price the old *Eagle* skipper?" asked the master of the trawler.

"Well, of all the queer things!" exclaimed Steel. He seized the skipper's hand fervently. "Of all the queer things!" he repeated rather helplessly.

"Queer!" echoed the skipper. "Queer! I call it fair chronic!"

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

"Now, my lads," said Grenville briskly. "There isn't much time for talking. We must act. First-end foremost, Steel, let's hear what you've got to say. It must be interesting."

"It is, sir—very," replied Steel, with a strange look.

Grenville was puzzled.

"Can you come aft for two seconds, sir?" inquired Steel. "I want a word with you privately."

"I'm afraid private business," Grenville began to say, but Steel appeared so anxious and made such wonderful signs of having momentous intelligence for Grenville's ear alone that the commander hurried from the bridge and accompanied Steel to the very taffrail of the destroyer.

"It's about your missis—I mean your good lady wife, sir," Steel resumed.

"Yes, yes," said Grenville, almost tremblingly.

"There's been some terrible times in London, sir, since you left. We 'aven't 'ad a proper enemy to deal with, but the very devil."

"Yes," whispered Grenville hoarsely.

"Ghouls," continued Steel, "'at have gone in for wholesale murder an' worse!"

"Damn it, man!" Grenville almost hissed. "What do you mean? Out with it. Tell me the worst!"

"Bless us, sir!" said Steel, "there's no cause to take on so. Mrs. Grenville's as well as you an' me!"

"You're certain?" demanded Grenville.

"Well, she was when I saw her a day or two since. Full of pluck an' spirit, sir, an' a perfect wonder at cheerin' other people up an' doin' this that and t'other for poor wretches of soldiers an' women an' childer. You needn't worry, sir. I'm sure she's as right as nails. There's been some awful doin's in London, an' there'll be some as bad or worse before we come out top-side, but the fightin's been kept clear of your good lady's place, sir, an' I'm sure she's safe an' right. An' the old lord's a perfect wonder, too, sir."

"I'd give my life almost," said Grenville, "to be able to slip and see her for even a minute. To think she is so near—and yet so far!"

He gazed longingly towards Westminster. "Why, Steel," he added, "she is within half-an-hour's walk—but if I had leave I'd almost guarantee to get there in half the time, and on foot, too!"

"Not at present, sir," said Steel. "If you landed here you wouldn't get there at all, because it's almost as much as a man's life is worth to leave the ranks or a safe place an' try an' get through the streets o' London. Somehow, it's safer inside some of the houses, because, queerly enough, there are parts of the place that haven't, as yet, seen any fighting. An' your good lady's father's house is one of them. I hope it'll continue so. Now, sir, are you likely to land?"

"I don't think so," said Grenville, "but I'd better hear your story first. What have you to say?" He resolutely put his own private matters aside, and repressed his almost overwhelming longing to land and at all risks see his bride, if only for a moment.

"Just a jiffy, sir," said Steel. "I know how you must feel about your good lady, because I know how I feel about my own missis. I was goin' to say that if you couldn't run to your house I'd see if I could get leave to slip on an'—an'——" He paused.

Grenville seized his hand. "If you can do that," he exclaimed, "I shall be eternally grateful and glad. I can't invent fancy messages, and I can't write. But—but——"

"Yes, sir," said Steel. "I'll know how to handle it. I'll just tell her I've seen you. She'll understand the rest. Now it's hard lines, sir, but we shall have to get to business. Here or on the bridge, sir?"

"But, look here," protested Grenville. "You said just now that it's as much as a man's life is worth to leave his regiment or comrades and go about on his own responsibility. If that applies to me, what about you?"

"Well, sir, you see," answered Steel, "that's different." And with this, to him, entirely satisfactory and clinching argument he repeated his question, "Here or on the bridge, sir?"

"On the bridge," answered Grenville. "There's not likely to be anything private, I suppose?"

"Hardly," said Steel. "But perhaps I'd better give you my story, and then Lieutenant Brereton 'll tell you the rest. I see he's waiting for you. He's a nailin' good sort, sir. This business has made him into a proper man—and only a day or two since he was a mere youth, like most of 'em."

"As Lieutenant Brereton is here I had better deal with him," said Grenville. "Now I'll just send the skipper to you and you can have a chat while I decide what to do."

He hurried to the bridge, sent the skipper down to Steel, and rather abruptly asked Brereton to tell him what had happened.

He listened spell-bound to the subaltern's narrative.

"It doesn't seem possible!" he exclaimed. "I can't believe that your story is true. And yet, from what I have seen myself, I know it must be."

"It is a melancholy fact," said Brereton, "that this Christian England of ours, even now, is held by the enemy, and that every effort of a united people will be needed to choke off the grip of the alien and the German!"

"I'm with you there," said Grenville. "Now I want to make up my mind what to do. So far as I know I've carried out my orders, which were to clear the river of the mines. There never was such extraordinary luck as I've had! I have done the work, and yet got off scot free! Even now, it seems incredible, because according to the laws of probability I ought to have been in fragments somewhere, and my flotilla with me."

"But the chief thing we're learning in this queer war," said Brereton, "is that probabilities go by contraries. There are two or three amazing good generals at large whose names weren't

From a snapshot by a Queensland reader.

"CASTING HER NET."

Photo, Raffi.

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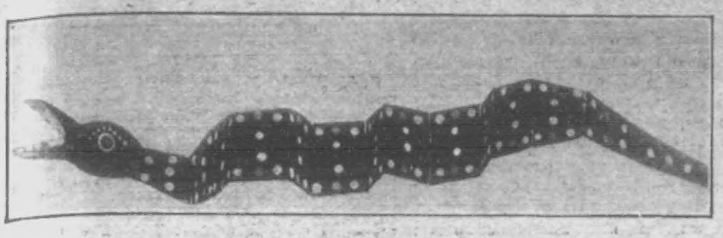


NICHOLAS II.'s HANDIWORK: Following the example set by the Tsaritza, the Tsar has tried his hand at making toys for his baby son, the little Tsarevitch. The photograph shows a fearsome wooden serpent, so jointed as to be able to wriggle in every direction. The snake is black, but its body is covered with alarming red and white spots. It is said that the paint employed by the Tsar in finishing this masterpiece was specially prepared, so that the little Tsarevitch would come to no harm in case he placed any portion of the serpent's anatomy in his mouth.

known outside their family circles a week ago, and in the same way some wonderful soldiers on paper ought in all decency to go and bury themselves. How about the Navy?"

"We don't criticise overmuch," answered Grenville. "It isn't our business. And you know in the Navy an incompetent is soon discovered. Occasionally a man gets jobbed into a soft thing or a big thing; but the risk nowadays, when we're not the only ships at sea, is too great, and people won't have it. So, on the whole, we've got officers running things who can't be matched in the whole wide world. There isn't one in command now that any man would hesitate to follow anywhere—to do anything. And when you see the appalling devastation around us you can't help feeling thankful."

"Devastation, yes; and the hopeless mess we're in," answered Brereton. "I tell you it's enough to make your heart ache to see London."

"And your blood boil," added Grenville.

"The thermometer hasn't been invented that would register the heat of some of it," said Brereton with a little laugh. "I wouldn't be an alien, or one of the enemies in our midst just now for all the gold that's hidden in the Bank of England!"

"They've got the Bank still, haven't they?" asked Grenville. "I've heard the news of its capture."

"Yes, they've got it still. It sounds like ancient history. And a fine routing out there's going to be. Our own particular general—one of the new school—is going to storm the place and retake it. And the place of honour is to be given to the Brigade of Guards. Their men were butchered, you know, and it's thought only a fair and square and reasonable thing that the Brigade should have a chance of wiping out the debt. There'll be exorbitant interest, I fancy. But, I say, all this talky-talky isn't getting on much. I was to tell the senior officer of the fleet that the general wants to see him urgently. He's to go back with me by boat. Can you put me on to his track?"

"I'm your man," Grenville intimated, with something like a mock bow.

"You! You! But—I—I—well, I expected to find that it was a man, you know! And you're—well, bless my soul, you're only as old as I am—and I'm reckoned a mere child from the point of view of command. I'm simply a pup, while you—you've got a whole lot of ships under you! I'm afraid I'm talking like an ass, you know; but I'm sure you'll excuse it."

"There's no call for apology," said Grenville. "I understand. Now, let's go and see your general. Which is the nearest point to him?"

"Westminster Pier," answered Brereton. "Come on, please."

"With all the readiness in life," said Grenville. "For, do you know, Westminster Pier takes me just a step nearer to my wife—a girl that I married on the morning of the day when this frightful business began!"

"Poor devil!" murmured Brereton; but this time he did not speak aloud. As for his face it expressed the kind, deep sympathy he felt, and that was quite enough for Lieutenant Richard Grenville. "Are you taking your queer friend? He's talking with Steel, as if he knew him."

"They've met before," Grenville told him. "Served in the same fishing-craft, as a matter of fact. And they've no doubt been having a good old jaw."

"Rum world, upon my word!" hazarded the subaltern. "You're always cannoning up against people you never expect to see. It isn't nearly the size I used to think it. Hello, there, Steel!" he cried. "Come on, hurry up! We must get back to Westminster."

Steel briskly went overboard, followed by Grenville and Brereton.

"What about me, sir?" asked the skipper. "Here I am with all this fish, worth its weight in silver—an' me a poor man with a wife an' childer—to say nothing of all the people 'at's starvin' in London, for, on my soul, sir, if it comes to that, I'd rather let 'em have every penn'orth of it an' go straight into the workus, nor make a shillin' out o' what I might call blood money!"

"Jump in and come with us!" cried Grenville. "You're too important a man to be lost sight of. And as for losing money—my good skipper, I've got an idea that will make your fortune."

"Bless us!" exclaimed the skipper, "if you do that I'll never rest till I wear a collar an' get made a town's councillor!"

Grenville and Brereton laughed aloud in unison. "I do believe," declared Grenville, "that you'd reckon your collar and robes cheap at any price—even this invasion of England."

"Not me," asserted the skipper stoutly. "I put a pretty big figure on a honour like that—but not such a big price as this. Not me. I want to be a patriot first, then a good husband an' father, an' after that, if there is a chance of makin' a bit honestly, well, I shouldn't be human if I didn't freeze on. An' at a chronic time like this——"

"Look out, skipper!" interrupted Steel unceremoniously; "make fast to that hook. Then let these gentlemen step ashore."

They were by this time at Westminster Pier, and the skipper, obedient to the order of the man who had been a member of his crew, leaned over, seized one of the hooks at the edge of the floating-stage, and held the boat fast while Grenville and Brereton stepped ashore.

"Wait here till further orders," said Brereton.

"Yes, sir," answered Steel, with a curious relish of the situation. He forthwith issued certain instructions, which the skipper, mildly amazed at his own docility, obeyed unquestioningly.

"I say, young feller," observed the skipper, "you haven't got what you could call a soul above your stomach, have you?"

"You mean swelled head?" asked Steel genially. "Not a bit. What do you ask such nonsense for?"

"Oh," replied the skipper, "only because you seem so fond o' sayin' 'Do this,' an' 'Do that!'"

"Why shouldn't I?" demanded Steel, with a twinkle in his clear eyes. "The world turns upside down at a time like this. An' I'm a soldier, while you're only a bally civilian, you know."

Which criticism the skipper acknowledged by a melancholy expression of his favourite saying.

"Chronic be hanged!" said Steel, with a laugh. "You talk as if we'd all got the plague an' we're done for! But I can tell you 'at we jolly well aren't. We're just beginnin' to be born again, an' we'll come out stronger an' mightier, an' more really Britishers an' brothers when this hell's work is done than we've ever been since we were Britishers at all!"

(To be continued.)

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

The description of the latest "cure"—from Texas—sounds delightful this hot weather. All that is required of the patient is that he shall stand in the open air, with his body bare of clothing, and let the falling rain pour on him. For nervous diseases and rheumatism the treatment is described by a *Telegraph* correspondent as infallible. One good downpour of rain has cured scores of obstinate colds. So popular has the remedy become that may Texan back gardens are now surrounded by high-boarded fences, which screen the citizens while they are undergoing this "agreeable, invigorating, and absolute nerve restorative." A rain bath would tempt anybody these days. If it really brings freedom from rheumatism, cold, and nerves—to say nothing of beauty to the complexion—it may prove attraction sufficient to undermine the respectability of the suburbs, and set Mrs. Grundy on the warpath again.

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the sixth set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.

31. 32.

35. 36.

33. 34.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"P.I.P." July 29, 1905.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years Eyebrows increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Mr. Pickwick

TRIES

Eiffel Tower Lemonade.

"That's my card, sir; you will perceive, sir, Magnus is my name. It's rather a good name, I think, sir."

"A very good name indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, wholly unable to repress a smile.

"Yes, I think it is," resumed Mr. Magnus. "There's a good name before it, too, you will observe. Permit me, sir—if you hold the card a little slanting—this way—you catch the light upon the up stroke. There—Peter Magnus sounds well, I think, sir."

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You will take a drink with me, sir?" continued the irrepressible Magnus. "It's very hot; must be nearly eighty in the shade, and not yet p.m. Ah! P.M.—my initials, sir!"

"If you will do me the honour of drinking with *me*," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can introduce a most estimable beverage to your palate, really a drink for the gods!"

"It is extremely difficult to find a drink suitable to this hot weather, sir," said Mr. Magnus.

"You will not say that when you have tried EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE," answered Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Magnus followed Pickwick to the back of the premises, where, under the trees, was a table with several glasses, and requested Sam Weller to bring some iced lemonade. "Eiffel Tower, Sam—no other," cried Pickwick.

In a few moments Sam reappeared, bringing a jug of iced water and a decanter of EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE.

"This is divine!" said Mr. Magnus, emptying his glass.

"During the summer I drink nothing else," said Mr. Pickwick; "and in winter I find a drink known as lemon ginger, made by the same people, a most delicious beverage."

"Mr. Pickwick," said the beaming Magnus, "may I have just one more glass? You have done me a great service, and I shall drink nothing in future but—— What is it called, Mr. Pickwick?"

"EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE," answered Mr. Pickwick.

You can neither make nor buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, so convenient, so inexpensive. Of all Grocers. A 4½d. bottle makes 2 gallons.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

Do you care for poetry? "G. W." of Salisbury, says that he would like me to print some occasionally.

"J. W." (Cornwall) very kindly says that, notwithstanding keen competition the *P.I.P.* remains "an unique testimony in journalism to the purchasing power of a penny." He adds that a recent photo of a farmyard incident ("Too Many Friends") gave keen delight to many readers of the paper of his acquaintance, and suggests that we should devote more space to similar subjects. "J. W." will have seen that since he wrote to me I have been giving a considerable number of such pictures. I hope they meet with his approval. I shall be glad to hear from him again.

"A. M. F." not only reads the *P.I.P.* every week himself, and considers it "simply perfection," but he also sends copies to friends and relations in Mogazar, Morocco, and St. Antão, Cape Verde Islands. He has done this every week for ten years. When you have done with this copy of the paper, will you, also, please hand it on?

"Wellwisher," writing from Christchurch, Hants, says "the one feature I do *not* like in the paper is the photos of actresses and others, who are all eyes and teeth—mostly the latter." But a Manchester reader likes the portraits of pretty actresses so much that he says "I would suggest the theatrical photos be issued on a supplementary sheet enclosed in the *P.I.P.*, to vastly increase the circulation."

Of course we could not carry out the suggestion of my Manchester friend, but I print these two views because they are typical of many others which I have already received. Will *every* reader please give me his or her opinion on a postcard this week? I should like to see which of these two views is the most popular.

A reader who is now employed in a South Wales coal-mine wants to be a detective, and writes to me for advice. As he is twenty years of age, 5ft. 10in. in height, weighs eleven stone, and, judging from his letter, is of good education, I should think he would probably prove an acquisition to the police force. He is just the sort of man they want.

The detectives are, I believe, generally picked out from amongst the smartest and best educated men in the ranks of the ordinary constables. As to books, which my correspondent inquires about, I should advise him, for a start, to read Conan Doyle's "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," if he has not already done so. He can buy it for sixpence.

He should read the book carefully and see how, by noticing a number of small signs, Sherlock Holmes puts this and that together, and gathers important information. For instance, he sees a total stranger in the street and at once guesses from his appearance that he is a retired sergeant of Marines, a widower, with two young children, and recently returned from foreign service.

He guesses these points from the fact that the man is upright, smart, and soldierly in his bearing, well-to-do, with rather a rolling sailor-like gait, and tattoo marks on his hands, dressed in new civilian clothes, with mourning band, carrying toys for children, face sunburnt, etc.

It will be first-rate practice for my embryo detective to carry out similar guess-work for himself with regard to people he may meet in the train and other public places. He should notice everything about them, guess what they are and so on, and then get into conversation and see how near he may have been to the truth. This is the first step in detective work.

The hints I gave on finding one's way in the open country, published in our issue dated June 24th, will also be useful, and my correspondent should certainly read General Baden-Powell's "Aids to Scouting," which is published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, Aldershot, at one shilling, and which he will find as useful to the would-be detective as to the would-be scout.

The most appalling fact in connection with the Army Stores scandal which is now occupying so much of the attention of the Press and Parliament, is the utter lack of knowledge of the business in hand which so many of the officers and officials appear to have shown. They all seem aggrieved because some "clerk fellow" wasn't at hand to put them right whenever they went wrong.

The average Englishman, and especially the English regimental officer, does not take his work with sufficient seriousness, and in many cases he subordinates the business of his life to social or sporting matters. "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," said Nelson on an historic occasion, and ever since the average young Englishman has been amply content if he has acted up to this standard of excellence.

But we have got past that nowadays. The man who does his duty is left behind in the race because nine men out of ten are doing the same. The man who gets on in these days of active competition has got to do a very great deal more than his bare duty.

To do this, it is necessary that he should devote himself to his work, his whole work, and nothing but his work. "Concentration" is the only true secret of success. And this applies to the officer in the army as much as to the merchant in the office.

I don't want to appear to run down manly sports and games, but it is worth noting that nearly all the greatest generals that the world has ever known belong to the class which are generally nick-named "bookworms." Every man should keep himself fit by plenty of hard exercise in the open air, but he should not let cricket, or tennis, or cycling interfere with the real business of his life.

And it is essential that he should begin the career which he has chosen for himself at the earliest possible age. On this point every successful man is agreed. The great majority of our famous generals never went to any public school whatever after the age of seventeen or eighteen. Clive, Wolfe, Coote, Sir Charles Napier, the Lawrences, Havelock, and Lord Clyde never played any games. The same remark practically applies to Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner, and Mr. Chamberlain.

You will find that hardly one of the men who brought England to the front was distinguished by game playing when he was young, and the same remark can be made with equal confidence concerning every other industry or profession.

Photo, Topical.

MOTOR RIDE FOR A PENNY: The new motor-launch which takes passengers for a ride round Battersea Park.

Mr. Yerkes, the great American railway magnate, who is now engaged in building the myriad "tubes" which are to revolutionise the traffic problem in the London of the future, gives the following advice to ambitious young men. He says: "Have one object in life. Follow it persistently and determinedly. If you divide your energies you will not succeed." That is good, sound common-sense. Follow it, and you cannot possibly go wrong.

Mr. Yerkes thinks that America's progress is due to the fact that her men begin the battle of life early, when they are full of enthusiasm and energy, and when they are most adaptable to existing conditions—in their teens.

He says: "A boy who goes into business at seventeen or nineteen has seven years, say, the start of a college man, and the college man must begin in a small position and at a boy's pay—begin where that boy began—and naturally this dissatisfies the college man. And a man dissatisfied is a man that is spoiled for the day's work. In this, of course, I am speaking of commercial and business life, along lines where experience and common-sense are needed more than technical knowledge. Common-sense is better than a high education, anyway. The man with common-sense can always get an education, but the best education in the world doesn't bring you any more common-sense than what you were born with."

One more quotation, and I have finished with this subject for to-day. I want to repeat the golden rules which Mr. Carnegie recently gave to the world as the secret of his success. Remember that Carnegie began life as a bobbin boy in a factory on a salary of five shillings a week.

These are Carnegie's maxims: "Begin low. Avoid alcohol. Never speculate nor become surety. In office or workroom show a willing disposition. The first step is to attract attention by special industry. In particular, should opportunity occur to save the firm from loss by pointing out certain risks or errors unnoticed, take a stand early. Give your reasons. You may be wrong in part, or your warning may not be accepted; but your anxiety will not be forgotten. In Yankee parlance, 'You have begun to boss your boss.' You have shown that certain business may be trusted in your hands. Some day it will arise that the head of that branch is absent. You are sent for. It is a sure indication that your services have been recognised. Promotion must follow.

"One sure test applied by every employer is, 'Does a young man live within his income?' If so, his credit is assured. Lay by. When credit is needed, it is at hand. It is always the making of the first hundred pounds that tells. For every hundred saved your banker will gladly give another on loan. Thrift is always recognised. There is ever a 'boom in brains.' The first condition of progress is concentration. Your energy, thought, and capital must be settled on your business. Do not be impatient. 'No one can cheat you of success but yourself.' Above all, aim high, respect yourself, consult conscience.'

In spite of the large number of letters I have received during the last few weeks, there must be hundreds of readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* who have not yet written to me.

If you are one of these, will you please sit down now and send me a line or two on a post-card?

I want you to regard me just as you would regard a new parliamentary candidate for your part of the county. When he first arrives he begins a process which is known as "nursing the constituency." He makes it his business to find out exactly what the people want, what they like most, and he tries to get to know as many of them as he possibly can. That is what I am trying to do with you, and, as I am doing it in order that I may be as useful to you as is possible, I hope you will help me all you can.

I want to get more votes for the *P.I.P.* in your part of the county than anybody else. I cannot do this without the loyal support of every one of my readers. If you will write to me when you are dissatisfied with anything in connection with the paper, however trivial a thing it may be, if you will write to me occasionally when you are particularly pleased, and if, above all you will canvass for the *P.I.P.* amongst your friends and relations, pointing out such good qualities as you find in it yourself, then I have no fear that we shall achieve an absolutely unparalleled success.

VALENTIA STEER.

VERSE COMPETITION.

Ten Prizes of One Sovereign each.

Nearly everyone has tried a hand at verse-making at some time or other, and if you have not, here is a capital opportunity, with half the work already done for you, and the possibility of earning a sovereign to stimulate your efforts.

Write a verse of four lines, each line to end with the following words in the order given:—

..... hard
..... luck
..... card
..... tuck

All attempts in the competition must be written on Raphael Tuck & Sons' picture postcards only—attempts sent in on other cards will be disqualified—and each attempt must be sent on a separate card. A sovereign will be given to each of the senders of what the Editor considers to be the ten best verses—the Editor's decision to be accepted as final.

The verse should be written on the address side in the space reserved for correspondence, so that the beautiful pictures on Tuck's postcards may give pleasure to children and patients in hospitals, to whom the competing cards will be sent at the close of the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Postcard Editor, "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Replies in Brief.

G. T. M.—In France there is no Government system of poor relief. The poor are assisted by funds partly derived from communal contributions, public and private charity, and various departments contribute. The funds are under the supervision of the Government. Apply to the French Consul for the other information you want.

CHESTER.—We think you are wrong. The Liverpool landing-stage is said to be the largest of its kind in the world, and is nearly 2,500 feet in length. The Secretary of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board would, no doubt, give you further information on the matter. The population of Liverpool is estimated to be at the present time 730,143.

WELSH READER.—As Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour does not receive any salary, but each Premier generally holds an office in the Government which carries with it a salary. The closure rule was adopted by Parliament in March, 1887, and amended a year later.

S. Y. S. (Cardiff).—If you write to Mr. J. Sexton, secretary of the Dock Labourers' Union, Hanover Street, Liverpool, he may be able to give you the information you want.

CHURCHMAN.—The oldest Nonconformist building in London is stated to be the Pilgrim Church in the New Kent Road. It was erected as a memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers who lost their lives on a voyage to America.

LONDONER.—It may be said that thunder and lightning are simultaneous, but, as light travels much faster than sound, we therefore see the flash of lightning before we hear the noise of the thunder. If the clouds are near, the thunder is heard very quickly; and if the clouds are high, the time between each flash and the noise is greater.

D. T. M.—The following countries all produce indiarubber plants: Brazil, Central America, the West Indies, Mexico, West Africa, Mozambique, Madagascar, Assam, Borneo, Rangoon, and Java. The source of indiarubber is a milk and juice obtained chiefly from the middle layer of the bark of a number of trees and shrubs—indiarubber plants.

J. S. (Warrington).—Henry Edwyn King-Tenison, Bart., ninth Earl of Kingston; born 1874; succeeded his father, the eighth Earl, 1896; mother's name, Florence, daughter of Colonel Edward Tenison; wife's name, Ethel Lisette, daughter of Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bart.; married 1897. Descended from Sir John King, who was granted the lease of the Abbey of Boyle, Co. Roscommon, by Queen Elizabeth, one of whose sons was drowned in the Irish Sea, which gave rise to Milton's poem, "Lycidas." First Bart., Sir Robert Kingston, M.P.; first Earl, Sir Edward Kingston, 1768; second Earl, Robert, M.P. for County Cork; third Earl, George, married a daughter of first Lord Mount Cashel.

A. P.—"Poultry-Keeping" (Tegetmeier), published by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, London, at 2s. 6d., is the book inquired about.

CONSTANT READER (Dublin).—Lord Iveagh made a vast fortune from Guinness's Brewery, but he has given over a million pounds to charities. The following is a list of some of his great gifts: To assist scientific research, £250,000; to improve insanitary part of Dublin, £250,000; for the Guinness Trust, Hammersmith (to house London poor), £250,000; to the Jenner Institute of Medicine, £250,000; to Dublin hospitals, £50,000; to Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, £12,500. And in addition to these and other splendid gifts he equipped a field hospital during the South African war.

A. B. (Portsmouth).—Hong Kong is one of the smallest Dependencies in the British Empire—a little speck on the map of the world. Its area is quite insignificant—less, in fact, than thirty one square miles; its population is less than Bristol and more than Bradford. Yet Hong Kong heads the list of all ports in the world in the magnitude of its shipping, not excepting New York, London, and Hamburg—to say nothing of Liverpool. In 1742 when it was ceded to England by the Treaty of Nanking, it was a beggarly little place consisting of rude huts, and holding no communication with the outside world beyond Canton—which lies ninety miles to the north. To-day it is a splendid city, with all the resources of modern civilisation, linked to the ends of the earth by cable as well as by the most extensive steamship lines which converge on any given point in the world. This wonderful transformation has been brought about in little more than sixty years, and it forms, perhaps, the most impressive chapter in the white man's conquest of the Tropics.

E. P. W. (Cardiff).—See reply to F. H. (Newcastle) in last week's "Replies in Brief."

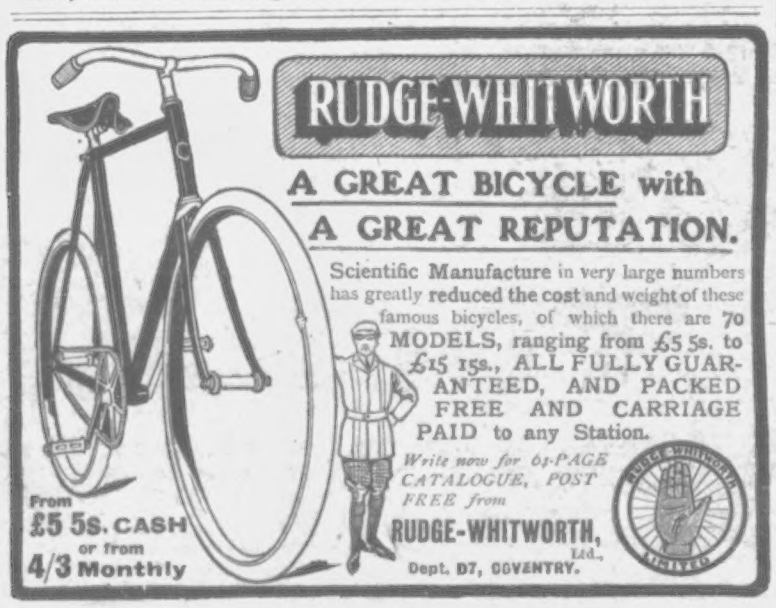
PAULINE (West Kensington).—The first fatal balloon accident was a terrible affair. It occurred in 1785, when M. Pilatre de Rosier, accompanied by M. Romain, determined on crossing the Channel from the French side. Thinking to add to their buoyancy, and avoid the risk of falling in the sea, they hit on the extraordinary idea of using a fire balloon beneath another filled with hydrogen gas! With this deadly compound machine they actually ascended from Boulogne, and had not left the land when the inevitable catastrophe took place. The balloons caught fire and blew up at a height of 3,000 feet, while the unfortunate voyagers were dashed to atoms.

TRAVELLER.—You ask "Where is the safest seat on a train?" The answer is given by an American engineer, who, after scientific calculation and protracted experience, asserts that the safest seat is in the middle of the last car but one. There are some chances of danger, he adds, which are the same everywhere in the train, but others which are least at the above-named place.

TEN SHILLINGS A WEEK IN CASH.

If any reader thinks sufficiently well of the Penny Illustrated Paper to justify him or her assisting the Editor by distributing a few specimen copies, a post-card should be sent to the Distribution Department, Penny Illustrated Paper, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., giving the name and address of the applicant and stating the number of copies which he or she could distribute.

A prize of Ten Shillings will be paid each week to the person who disposes of these copies in the manner which the Editor considers to be of the greatest benefit to the paper.



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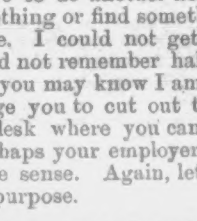

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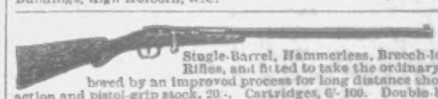

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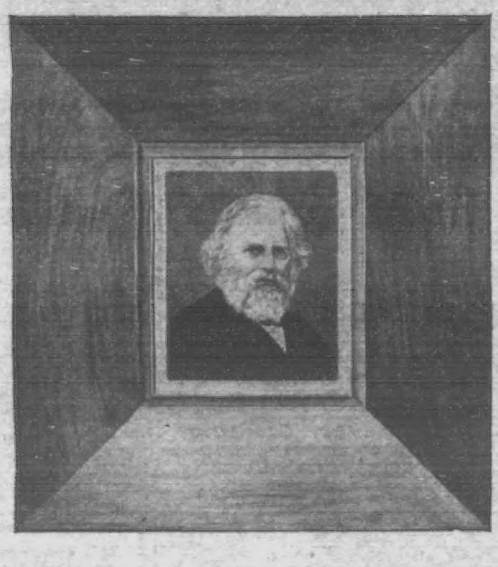

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